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We Prepare for War

Either the United States navy and army have extraordinarily efficient publicity agents, or we have again reached the phase of "preparedness" which came upon the country in 1916. Scarcely a day goes by without some news of developments in one or both, and the newsreels are full of their activities. Now comes an announcement that the Navy Department is planning expansion of the fleet to cost $236,000,000 in 1939, beyond the limits of the expired naval agreements. It wants to maintain parity with the greatly enlarged British navy and to match Japan's naval additions. On the very next day we see the news that the army is hatching a plan to speed up voluntary recruiting before the contemplated conscription goes into effect in the next war. It wants to enlist 500,000 volunteers in the first sixty days after the outbreak of hostilities, and is encouraging the formation of recruiting committees in strategic sections of every state, which will use the technique of community drives. The total mobilization program calls for 1,500,000 men under arms by the end of the fourth month. We cannot blame the army and navy for wanting to be ready to answer any possible demands of the government, but if the government were certain to demand nothing beyond the protection of the continental United States from invasion, such huge preparations could be regarded as nothing but costly waste. Apparently our military realists foresee that the trend toward "coöperation of the peace-loving nations" is likely to land us in another foreign war.

Room for Union Compromise

Negotiations between the CIO and the A. F. of L. began with the presentation of what may be interpreted as the maximum demands of each. The CIO formula was admission into the A. F. of L. as an autonomous department, similar to the existing departments for building trades or railway employees, with the right to continue organizing on the industrial basis the mass-production and basic industries. The A. F. of L. formula was merely acceptance of the CIO unions into the Federation with full voting rights, but allowing disputes about jurisdiction to be decided by the Executive Council. Both proposals represent substantially the position of the two bodies at the time of the original split. Under that of the CIO, the Committee would continue as an organizing and executive body, with recognition by the A. F. of L. of the right to extend industrial unionism. Under that of the A. F. of L., the Committee would be dissolved, and the members of the new unions could be split up into crafts by the present Executive Council. Of course neither proposal will be accepted without modification or further definition. There is room for compromise between them, however, if the A. F. of L. will recognize that industrial unionism is already established irrevocably in the industries controlled by the CIO, and will get down to cases where real inter-union competition exists. This is the crux of the problem. Let us hope that the conferees will be under such pressure from the rank and file that neither will want to take the responsibility of breaking off negotiations before all possibilities have been explored.

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Explaining the Slump

Repeatedly during the past few months, especially in Mr. John T. Flynn's column, "Other People's Money," The New Republic has called attention to the fact that stock-market prices have been, and in many cases still are, too high. Substantiation of this observation is contained in one of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" articles by Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, who quote figures assembled by experts of the SEC showing the market value of eight of the market's leading stocks compared with their earnings computed on dividends paid so far in 1937:

Stock	High, Dollars	Approximate Yield, Percent
Anaconda Copper	69½	1.78
Pennsylvania R.R.	50¼	.99
Allied Chemical	258½	2.32
American Can	121	3.3
Consolidated Edison	49⅞	3.
General Electric	64⅞	1.85
duPont	180⅛	1.35
Westinghouse	167⅝	1.79

With Government "Baby Bonds" paying interest at the rate of more than 3 percent, it is fairly obvious that, from the point of view of investors at least, the market value of stocks had good cause to slump. It is of course the action of speculators whose interest is not in the real earning power of the security but in its immediate price fluctuations that had pushed stock prices up beyond their real values.

Amendments to Anti-Trust Laws

It has long been a commonplace among economists that the anti-trust laws in the United States have favored the growth of big corporations while discouraging cartels and agreements among competitors. Yet big corporations may act in the manner characteristic of monopolies. The Federal Trade Commission now recommends amending the law in order to discourage bigness. The Clayton Act, though it forbade the acquisition of the capital stock of one corporation by a competitor if certain monopolistic tendencies resulted, did not forbid the acquisition of physical assets. It was assumed that the buying up of plant or equipment would be motivated only by desire for greater efficiency. The Commission now wants the prohibition extended to the purchase of plant and equipment. We fear, nevertheless, that the whole effort to enforce competition is doomed to failure. The present recommendation, for instance, does not deal with holding companies or the many types of indirect control. Another recommended amendment seems more clearly needed, however. The present Federal Trade Commission Act empowers the Commission to forbid "unfair methods of competition," but does not empower it to protect the consumer against shady business practices such as misbranding, short weight, etc. Only if a competitor is injured can it act. The Commission wants the law to forbid also "unfair or deceptive acts and practices" so that it may safeguard the consumers' interest even when no competitor makes an objection. That would be a real reform.

Tom Mooney Gets His Chance

That curious phenomenon known as California justice has been on exhibition again. The State Supreme Court has rejected Tom Mooney's plea for a writ of habeas corpus, with only one of the august justices dissenting. The majority of five held that Mooney had a fair trial and that the subsequent attempts to prove otherwise have been "corruptly inspired"—whatever that means, if anything. We do not propose at this late date to marshal once more the proof that the California Supreme Court is talking judicial nonsense. No one expected that it would do anything but what it has now done. The United States Supreme Court some time ago strongly hinted that it would take jurisdiction in the Mooney case if his attorneys would go through the motion of exhausting the last resource in the state courts. This having now been done, the next appeal is to Washington, and it will be made at once. Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, after twenty-one years, seem likely at last to get their chance of freedom.

Compensation for the Innocent

It seems fairly obvious that there ought to be a law compensating innocent people for the accident of false conviction. The fact that a considerable number of persons are each year given sentences for crimes of which they are entirely innocent has long been known; the facts are marshaled impressively in the book, "Convicting the Innocent," by Professor Edwin M. Borchard of the Yale Law School. Such a law is now under consideration by Congress. It provides that the Court of Claims shall compensate those who have been falsely convicted in the federal courts, provided they are not guilty of any other offense against the United States. A maximum remuneration of $5,000 is allowed in any given case. The bill was passed by the Senate during the last session of Congress, but when it went to the House Judiciary Committee it was tabled. Most of the countries of Europe have had legislation of this sort for many years and a few of our states have passed laws providing for compensation for false convictions in the state courts. It is important that the House Judiciary Committee report out the bill during the approaching session, for at least two reasons. First, although the number of people affected by the law would probably be small (since adjustments are limited to only the most flagrant cases), the damage done them is often irreparable. Payment of a few thousand dollars is the least the government can do. Second, passage of a federal act would undoubtedly give impetus to the spread of a parallel and greatly needed reform among the individual states.

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A Wreath for the Nazis

A man who comes close to being this week's hero is Mr. Isador Gennett of 1061 Stell Place, the Bronx, New York City. Mr. Gennett has been visiting Germany, a fact which in itself suggests that he is not without courage. A few days ago he appeared at the office of the Berlin Military Commander and requested permission to lay a wreath on Berlin's memorial for her war dead. Permission granted. He then asked a military guard of honor. Guard of honor granted. Accompanied by his guard of honor, he then went to the war memorial and with full military ceremony, tenderly laid at its foot a wreath from the Jewish War Veterans, Maurice Krumholtz Post, No. 18, the Bronx. For a country that has been persecuting its own Jewish war veterans for the past four years in every way it could think of, this was obviously the right and happy gesture. True, Mr. Gennett was afterward expelled from the country, accompanied by a military escort (not a guard of honor). Nevertheless, his historic deed still remains. Isador Gennett, we salute you. Have a cigar. Have two cigars—and a hearty laugh.

News Notes of a Week

An intensified Japanese drive in the Shanghai region brought about the occupation of Chapei but failed to break the morale of the Chinese defenders of the city. The fighting was so close to the neutral areas of the International Settlement that both British and American troops were ordered to fire on attacking planes. Despite the vigilance of noncombatants, however, four British soldiers were killed. . . . "Pirate" air-raids on French and British shipping near the Balearics were climaxed by the sinking of the British freighter "Jean Weems," bound from Marseilles to Barcelona with a cargo of wheat and condensed milk, by a plane which, one of the survivors declares, was Italian-made. . . . French troops established military control in Morocco's principal cities after an outbreak of street fighting in which several Arabs were killed and hundreds arrested. The cause of unrest was the Arab nationalist movement agitation. Communist and Italian Fascist propagandists are also said to be active. . . . Dr. Hjalmar Schacht announced his resignation as Germany's Minister of Economics and it was revealed that when his term as president of the Reichsbank ends in the spring he will quit that post as well. Schacht's retirement leaves Germany without any effective check on General Goering's economic dictatorship. . . . In the United States the three leading candidates for the leadership of the Republican Party, Landon, Hoover and Vandenberg, continued to jockey for position through the publicity channels of press and radio. . . . Josephine Roche announced her resignation from the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. . . . The showing of 1938's automobiles opened in New York City revealing little mechanical progress over the cars of the previous year.

Brussels—The Test of Chicago

IN CHICAGO President Roosevelt called for concerted action of the peace-loving powers to stop aggression and treaty-breaking throughout the world. Isolation and neutrality, he said, were not enough. The Nine-Power Pacific Conference to consider the conflict between Japan and China is the immediate response to his invitation, the testing ground of what can be done to implement the words of his speech.

The first event was of course Japan's refusal to enter the Conference. Although she signed the Treaty, she has long since repudiated it as a method of dealing with Asiatic affairs. She has not for years acted in accordance with its terms and will not be bound by the decision of the Conference. The next event was the refusal of Germany to participate. Germany was not a party to the Treaty, but as a military power she was invited to participate in this Conference. But she is an ally of Japan in the ambiguous understanding to fight against "communism." It is suspected, though denied, that an unpublished military alliance exists between the two aggressive powers. At any rate Germany is giving Japan moral support in defying the conferring nations. Italy, though not specifically concerned in this meeting, is of course coöperating warmly with Germany and ranges herself beside Japan. Thus, what we have, as soon as the Conference meets, is not a complete international consideration of a common problem, but a lining up of one set of nations as against another. The nations that will confer are those that are usually thought to fit the President's "peace-loving" category; Japan and her supporters are the disturbers of the peace.

One line the Conference may take is to denounce Japan's action, call upon her to desist and withdraw, and threaten her with punishment if she does not do so. This is what seems to be called for if Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago words are to be translated into action. It is a foregone conclusion that Japan will not renounce her present campaign just because of moral condemnation, or because the Nine-Power signatories politely request her to do so. By going this far and no farther they can keep the record clear and satisfy their own desire to strike an attitude in favor of international morality, but they cannot produce any effect whatever upon the events in China, or upon future events of the same kind. Is it possible, then, for the conference to wield a stick big enough to command Japan's respect?

None of the nations concerned is prepared to threaten Japan with military or naval action. Mr. Roosevelt in Chicago, at the very time he called for international coöperation, announced a firm intention to keep this nation at peace. Britain and France are too much concerned with events nearer home to go to the aid of China. Without these three, none of the other nations could possibly act. Japan might not be restrained even by a threat of united force

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of arms, but this threat will never really be made.

The Conference might decide to ask the powers concerned to apply economic sanctions against Japan. The Conference itself has no power to order such measures; under the Treaty the signatories retain independence of judgment and action; they have agreed merely to confer. In considering such a recommendation, the conferees would also have to consider the probability of its being accepted. And this probability is slight. Prime Minister Chamberlain has already announced that Great Britain is not ready for embargoes. There is a good deal of doubt that one-sided action of this nature would be acceptable in the United States; it could not be adopted without an act of Congress. The most that might be hoped for is the consent of the nations involved to participate in the half-hearted kind of sanctions that failed to prevent Italy from conquering Ethiopia. Such sanctions would be equally ineffectual against Japan. If the Conference called for sanctions, therefore, Japan would immediately protest vigorously and push her war all the more energetically; she would not desist. And the coöperating powers would probably delay and in the end do nothing, or nothing effective, in response to the resolution.

The other possible line for the Conference is to play the role of mediator. Can the warring nations be brought to terms which will embody a satisfactory ending of the war? It is possible that neither one will want to stop fighting without a more conclusive result than is yet apparent. However this may be, it is certain that Japan would not accept terms that did not embody a substantial victory for her war aims. She has already announced, through an unofficial spokesman, that she wants hegemony of the Chinese northern provinces, together with the permanent withdrawal of Chinese troops in a wide area around Shanghai. Such a settlement would scarcely be accepted by China. Even if China were willing, however, approval of such terms by the Conference would involve the legitimatization of conquest. The Nine-Power Conference would in effect have met merely to place its seal upon the aggression of the nation that had defied and broken the Treaty under which it is called together. How such a result would contribute to discouraging future aggression it is difficult to see.

We hope the conferees will surprise us by producing some brilliant scheme to carry into effect Mr. Roosevelt's good intentions. But we fear no such scheme is possible. It is easy to talk about concerted international action to check aggression, but difficult to do anything about it. There are those who think that the pronouncement of high moral sentiments is worth while even if nothing can be done to put them into practice. There are those who believe in "keeping the record straight." If the Nine-Power Conference will content itself with mere disapproval of what Japan has done, it may be a brilliant success in the eyes of those who think this way. It will scarcely be a success of any other kind.

New York's Election

AS THESE lines are written, the results have not yet been announced in New York's municipal election. It seems safe to assume, nevertheless, that Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia was overwhelmingly reëlected, and carried most of his ticket with him. All the reliable preliminary polls, notably that of the Institute of Public Opinion, indicated Mr. LaGuardia would have a margin of about two to one.

It goes without saying that such an outcome of the election was to be desired. We are well aware that Mayor LaGuardia, like every other human being, is far from perfect. But when the choice is between a continuance of his administration and a return of Tammany Hall and its sorry reign of thieves, wastrels and gangsters, sensible citizens can make but one choice.

Perhaps the outstanding lesson of the campaign was its final proof that the "New Tammany" of which New York heard so much ten years ago doesn't exist now and probably never did. Both Tammany in Manhattan and its allied Democratic organizations in the other boroughs conducted the worst campaign that has been seen in a generation. LaGuardia and his ticket were slandered ruthlessly, with the monotonous repetition of the charge that they are all Communists intent on wrecking the city government. It is said that the Democrats sent a sound-truck through the streets to advocate alternately the election of LaGuardia and of a local Communist candidate for a minor office, in furtherance of the plan to label the Mayor as a Red. Advance information indicated a determined effort of the Democratic forces to steal the election, through dummy registration of voters and the other familiar devices by which Tammany kept itself in power for about a century.

Inevitably, the Catholic Church will receive some of the blame for Mahoney's shocking campaign of misrepresentation. For many years, the Church and Tammany have been so closely linked as to be indistinguishable from one another. It is no coincidence that Mahoney's campaign was lifted bodily from the anti-communist propaganda the Church has been disseminating for the past few years. This propaganda succeeds, more or less, when it is spread among the Catholics themselves; but it very often fails of its purpose when used among non-Catholics.

A second important lesson of the campaign is the unreliability of the national Democratic organization as an instrument of social reform. LaGuardia has been in close sympathy with the aims of the New Deal and has coöperated loyally with the President. Tammany never had any loyalty to the President's policy, or to anything else except lining its own pocketbook at the expense of the citizens. Yet the machine leaders of the national Democrats without hesitation proceeded to knife LaGuardia,

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from motives of the most contemptible political opportunism.

It will be a long time before we can forgive United States Senator Robert Wagner for kissing the foot of the Tiger in this campaign. Governor Herbert Lehman of New York State did the same, although his conscience forced him to repudiate Mahoney's Red witch hunt. As for Postmaster General James A. Farley, he proved once again that he is a machine politician whose ideals have never risen above the ward clubroom, utterly unfit for any public office. If there are progressives who feel that President Roosevelt is the Democratic Party, and that they are safe in entrusting their fortune to it unhesitatingly in 1940, the New York election should serve as a healthy reminder of the true state of affairs.

Spain Is Not Russia

THERE are many people who believe that Spain in 1937 is like Russia in 1917. Felix Morrow is one of them; at least that seems to be the general position implicit in his attack on Ralph Bates, printed on pages 18 and 19 of this issue. The general position, which Mr. Morrow states only in part, is that the Negrin government is bourgeois, like Kerensky's. It is defended by an army, nationalist in organization, that is being continually betrayed by its bourgeois officers. It curbs the labor unions, seizes their firearms, and has jailed some of their leaders. It ought to be overthrown by a really revolutionary government, like Lenin's, one that would expropriate the bourgeoisie down to the last petty landowner or corner grocer. In that case the Spanish workers and peasants, rising as one man, would overwhelm the Fascists by dint of their revolutionary ardor. If defeated by foreign intervention, they would leave behind them their pure zeal as an inspiration to the next generation.

This general position has its appeal to those who think in terms of historical analogies. But the fact is that Spain in 1937 bears little resemblance to Russia either in 1917 or in any other year. Spain is a peninsula; Russia is practically a continent. When the Bolsheviks were defeated in Vladivostok, they could retreat four thousand miles to the Urals. When they were defeated in the Ukraine, they could retreat almost to Moscow. But if the Spanish government were badly beaten on the Aragon front, it would have to retreat into the Mediterranean, which is also enemy territory. Every acre of Spanish ground has to be won and held at the cost of human lives.

The military situation has changed since Trotsky defended Petrograd. In those days the Russian workers had machine guns, and also factories that made ammunition for them. Airplanes were important only for scouting. But in Spain, machine guns are scarce and most of the ammunition has to be imported. Airplanes from abroad are sometimes the decisive arm. The defense of Barcelona from the Fascists, in July, 1936, showed what revolutionary ardor can do, in a big city. But the retreat from Talavera to Madrid, in October of that same year, showed the weakness of revolutionary ardor in the field, when the revolutionaries are opposed by bombing planes and tanks.

The international situation is also different. Russia was big enough, and far enough from the western powers, to survive without official recognition. But Spain is in the heart of western Europe. The Spanish republic, in order to live, must not only win the war at home but also come to terms with the governments that surround it.

Finally, the internal political problem bears little resemblance to the one that was solved by Lenin. In Spain, the government has to win the war by holding the loyalty of the whole population, including the small shopkeepers and the peasants with a few acres of land. Both classes began to grumble, in Aragon, when extremists there began to apply the policies which Mr. Morrow advocates. There are no big landowners, big business men or big bankers in Loyalist Spain. All the key positions in agriculture, industry and finance have been taken over by the government or by the labor unions. Indeed, the real revolution there has been fought and won, and the counter-revolutionists are those who want to attack the government at the rear.

In the last paragraph of his letter, Mr. Morrow attacks The New Republic for "working for Stalinism under the guise of being a liberal organ." Of course we do not work for Stalinism under any guise (nor for Trotskyism, Bukharinism, Brandlerism, Kautskyism or Pelmanism). Mr. Morrow seems to be affected by a violent rush-to-the-brain of Russian politics. He also seems to think that a liberal magazine should give equal space to all sides of every question. For the last eight years The New Republic has ceased to call itself a liberal magazine in order to avoid misconceptions of this sort, which seem to be inherent in the word "liberal." While trying to preserve the best qualities of liberalism, it prefers to be known as progressive.

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Problems Ahead for the CIO

THE CIO's twenty months of life have witnessed a whirlwind of victories, marked by but one major defeat. No amount of Cassandra prophecies from those who hate or fear it can alter that record. No campaign of alternative vituperation or lofty indifference can change it.

What can be said of its immediate future, of its internal difficulties, or its relationship with the American Federation of Labor? A few short notes, primarily addressed to friends of the movement, may be in order.

The CIO's success has been the organization of millions. But can it hold them? The A. F. of L. could not: out of three who join two drop out. The CIO can expect a high mortality rate, too: when early enthusiasm dies, the cheering gives way to routine, and employers' concessions or return of prosperity makes workers forget the discontent that sent them unionward. Too, the Lewis organization is particularly vulnerable to this kind of defection—since most of its new recruits comprise the less secure American workers. Semi-skilled or unskilled, they are not so well paid or are their jobs so regular as those of the craftsmen, who have become the aristocrats of scarcity. Dues will not roll in to support the expensive systems of insurance which help the older unions hold their members. The very size of the great industrial unions will make it seem less imperative to individual members to contribute their share.

Again the CIO has made at least two serious types of organizational blunders: leaders have at times neglected to consult the rank and file; and headquarters has sometimes needlessly ignored workers' prejudices in the selection of organizers. The Textile Workers' Organizing Committee in New England casts each of these into high relief.

Recently in the course of a single week ten textile locals—old ones, too—voted to withdraw from the TWOC. Some of these asked for and received A. F. of L. charters. Why this secession from the CIO at the very flush of its drive?

They were piqued at being "pushed around"; and they didn't like the organizers. They had wakened one morning in the spring to find that their United Textile Workers' Union had, without consulting them or the other members throughout the country, handed itself over to the CIO and transferred the membership with it like so much baggage. "High-handed action," they called it; and they resented it to the point of withdrawal.

In some of these communities, the workers bid by the TWOC were exclusively Gentile. The new textile union was headed by Jews. To the workers came an organizer, a devoted and highly intelligent union man, but a Jew. They viewed his coming stonily; they listened to his talks with suspicion. And finally, in their unreasoned anti-Semitism, they decided not to join. As one worker said, "They don't seem to realize we are Christians." In the same way, Catholic workers in Massachusetts towns have been unnecessarily antagonized when organizers who were known to be political radicals were sent to them. The clergy were quick to label them Communists and tell their congregations to have nothing to do with them—or with the CIO. The workers obeyed.

These are deplorable prejudices. A rationally minded person is strongly tempted to challenge them whenever they arise. But they are dangerous prejudices too, and latent in the entire nation. To provoke them unnecessarily is to invite trouble. For they will not only obstruct specific efforts at organization; they will place the whole labor movement on the defensive for wholly incidental reasons. Already the A. F. of L. has begun waving the red shirt and yelling "Bolshevik!" and in a few localities their less responsible representatives have tried Jew-baiting to stop the CIO. They may make a few hits, but they're throwing boomerangs.

The CIO, however, is going to have some trouble with its own captains. Disagreements have broken out openly in the United Automobile Workers of America. Dissension smolders in other of the affiliated groups—it is even rumored in the high command itself. For the choice of leaders has not yet crystallized, and there are many candidates for preferment—candidates who differ on more important issues than temperament.

The situation in the UAWA deserves a word; it's an indication of what may develop elsewhere. President Martin and Vice-President Mortimer oppose each other ostensibly on the question of union government. Martin wants control over the national officers, and a large measure of national control over the local units. Mortimer fights for local autonomy and greater independence of the officers.

It is the familiar political riddle: how much centralization can democracy stand and how much democracy can efficient government tolerate?

Martin thinks the size of the sprawling auto locals demands drastic modifications of the awkward town-meeting structure. What's more, he feels their relative irresponsibility to the national command has embarrassed him when they have broken contracts. It does not help him to realize that many of the violations were provoked by the management; it still looks just as bad in the press. Mortimer, however, wants the furthest possible extension of democracy within and without the locals.

But this is a superficial view of the issue. There is the matter of radicalism. The UAWA no more than

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the Rotary Clubs asks prospective members their political connections before admitting them. Republicans, Socialists, Democrats, Prohibitionists—they all come in. But what is important in this intra-union conflict is that the Martin contingent believes that the Mortimer group represents the Communist wing and that it is anxious to proselytize. Such education, it appears, would be easier with considerable local autonomy and with friends on the board.

This situation is nothing new in the labor movement, and there is no reason why one faction should expel the other. The political ideas involved need the freest and fullest discussion: a difficult liberty to administer, none the less.

But the Communists have gained in tolerance in the last few years. They are far more sympathetic with the "shortcomings" of the less radical members of the working class, and their determination to cooperate with all groups in resistance to fascism may prevent them from becoming sufficiently obstreperous to win expulsion.

In Washington and elsewhere there are many stories about a split in Lewis' cabinet. Most of these loudly whispered rumors are merely wishful thinking. But some are not.

After the steel strike, the United Mine Workers, under Mr. Lewis' direction, issued a statement denouncing the local, state and federal officials who remained silent and inactive during the conflict. Everyone knew that Franklin Roosevelt, although not named, was not omitted from the collective criticism.

It shocked some of the CIO command—Sidney Hillman apparently among them. They found the statement a gratuitous and unwarranted attack upon the President. They feared it might alienate his favor. They believed it would pour fuel upon vigilante flames. In short: unjust, politically risky, socially dangerous. Mr. Lewis disagreed.

No revolt here or threats of secession, but a squall that might precede a bigger storm. For behind this controversy lurk sharp disparities of temperament. Lewis is by nature a fighter, whose punches are vigorous and rarely concealed. Sidney Hillman is a fighter, too. But his flair is for conciliation, negotiation. Lewis is less impressed with the necessity of keeping Roosevelt in good temper. He is more cynical about politicians, and has more confidence perhaps in the unaided strength of the workers he leads—which makes him less fearful of the groundswell of middle-class hostility. Hillman, however, with a different background, and of a different race, is more sensitive to that incipient menace.

What may prove a dominant factor is that both men are exceedingly able. They're both leaders; but when two men are riding a horse, one of them has to sit behind. Hillman is riding pillion now, but there's no doubt that he—like some of the other first lieutenants—would find the saddle more comfortable. Yet the rumors overreach events. The strains between these men are far from sufficient to break the bond that holds them. They are as yet deeply and loyally attached to their original program.

More serious than leadership wrangles are certain specific deficiencies of organization. Money is short, far too short to do the things a full-fledged labor movement must do. But even were there adequate money, there is no assurance that the right things would be done. There is too little perception of their importance.

Local leaders are insufficiently trained. From every town comes that complaint. And training facilities are still pathetically inadequate. The CIO's publicity, with the distinguished exception of the Union News Service, is dangerously meager and poorly presented. For nothing was clearer in the recent strikes in steel than the critical role played by the "neutral" public. The public can defeat strikes, twist government officials into partisans, effect the destruction of civil liberties. And as the steel towns demonstrated, the "public" can be led to do all of these things if told that it is necessary and in the interests of "law and order."

Only accurate information regularly supplied can counteract this education. But the CIO cannot swing it. It is not even equipped to keep its own strikers informed. In spite of strike meetings, bulletins and editions of Steel Labor, Little Steel's workers proved easy targets for the barrage of propaganda that poured from the regular papers, and the towns' orators. Communities became so thick with rumors that the workers did not know whether they were winning the strike or not. They were demoralized.

If this was true about the strikers, how much more true was it of people presumably not involved in the conflict. Effective "education" got them involved quickly enough.

The CIO must somehow mend this gap in its armor. It must acquire a national newspaper of its own, to connect the worker not only with the labor movement but with the outside world of events. Such a paper must have a wide circulation among the middle classes and farmers, who are prepared to be sympathetic with the labor movement if they are but given an understanding of it. As matters stand now, their knowledge comes from anti-labor sources. And that tells in the crises.

The CIO needs a good many things, but few more than workers' education: not only to train workers how to manage their organizations, but to inform them of the kind of world they live in. They need to learn what their labor movement is, why it has existed in all capitalistic countries, where it is going, what the hurdles in its path will be. A few of the CIO unions have always maintained ambitious programs, and notably the garment unions. The UAWA has also initiated an extensive project. But the CIO as a whole has given little evidence of concern for these activities. No exploration of educational needs has been made.

If publicity and educational arms are needed, so too is research. It is a shock to discover that the

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labor movement still retains so few economists, statisticians and lawyers. It was understandable enough in the past. Unions lived a hand-to-mouth existence. They muddled along. But now they need the aid of specialists if they are to negotiate intricate questions with industry's best brains.

What the CIO needs is a research organization, with regional offices and staffs to assemble and analyze regularly the relevant facts about the companies and industries with which it deals, to explore the industrial make-up of the country, the conditions of the working class, the nature of the secular influences that are molding their lives. Section by section, the nation should be drawn under its microscope. And particularly if the CIO plans extensive political forays, they must be fortified with studies of taxation, money and banking, social insurance, technological change, investment—all of them intricate problems, whose solution is critical for the workers and for the nation. The CIO needs its own Fabians to blueprint the future. Without them the whole movement is wrapped in blinders.

Among the CIO adherents there is a disposition to dismiss the A. F. of L. as of little further significance in the labor movement. Nothing could be more foolish or more fatal. The Federation has great survival powers. Its center is sturdy. Its well paid craft members are loyal. They have the advantage of long experience in collective bargaining and union discipline. In many cities and states they *are* the labor movement. They have working agreements with government officials. They control machinery by which labor opinion is expressed. Their Washington lobby is one of the strongest. And under the stimulation of the CIO drive, the Federation has found a vitality of its own.

In short, the A. F. of L. can still put up a magnificent fight against the CIO and is prepared to. But why should it? It would be foolish of course to say that the issue that split the Federation was not a real one. The antagonism of many craftsmen to industrial unionism is built upon deep conviction.

Yet the basic character of the division should not obscure the unity of interest that comprehends all workers, industrialist and craft alike. Less obvious than the bond between craftsmen, it is more fundamental. All workers stand in the same relation to income-producing property: they have none. They earn their living on the job. They are the defenseless victims of business depressions. They are defrauded by legislation protecting industrial and financial monopoly, and by the inadequacy of laws providing security for the poor. They all need the guarantee of civil liberties. And they all face the same foes. The forces that attack the CIO today with its unskilled workers will tomorrow attack the A. F. of L. with its skilled, whenever the tensions in our society drive property to defend its profits at the expense of democracy.

In all fairness the Federation must bear the chief brunt for bisecting the labor movement. At no point did it show capacity for intelligent compromise, and since its suspension order, it has added bitterness to stupidity. It has ordered its city and state affiliates to expel the CIO unions. Some of its units have boycotted products made by the Lewis followers. Others have broken all jurisdiction restraints to prevent the CIO's gaining adherents. They have even entered into collusive contracts with employers to close out their rivals, when it meant the essential defeat of unionism of any kind. They have attacked their recent associates as Communists, as racketeers, as members of an alien race. They have officially criticized the National Labor Relations Board as partisan to the CIO.

Inevitably the CIO has retaliated; chiefly with verbal blows aimed at the ineptitude and hypocrisy of their opponents. They have whipped out in anger words that will continue to rankle, give old suspicions new life and form fresh hatreds. A tragic waste, a pitiful deflection of men from the purposes for which their organizations exist.

But it is not too late. The recent Washington conferences of representatives of the two groups collapsed, partly because the ground was not adequately prepared, more so because of the power-complexes of some of the personalities involved. If unity is to be achieved, the millions of unionists must be reached over the heads of resistant officials. The proposal made by the CIO delegates last week is sensible, and in accord with the simple dictates of democracy; a convention to which the representatives of all organized men and women in both the Federation and CIO are admitted. In such a free forum, one may be confident, the CIO would win its right to carry on, within the A. F. of L., the work it has so well begun, not so much by any possible preponderance of numbers, but by the opportunity fairly to present its case to the Federation rank and file.

Naturally, such a move would be fought by strong groups and a few influential leaders of the Federation, by all those who fear loss of power, loss of jobs, loss of dues-paying members. Nor would the opposition parade in its true dress. It would probably muster an old one for the occasion: the uniform of the Defenders of American Institutions from the depredations of Lewis-led Communists. Yet compromise would have its friends. There are still many in the A. F. of L. who consider the present duality an absurd and dangerous state of affairs. And there are CIO leaders and members who agree.

Some of the latter consider any effort at reunion hopeless. Or fear that its price would be concessions that would alienate the newly enrolled millions. But the issue at stake warrants a degree of effort not hitherto expended by either side. If some measure of peace is not soon achieved, hostility will become crystallized. Expulsion of the suspended unions by the Federation will follow. Whch means war on all fronts. And dog will eat dog to no one's benefit but that of their mutual enemies.

J. Raymond Walsh.

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The Military Balance in China

IF YOU believe the diplomats, there is no war in China. If you believe the soldiers, it is quite another matter. By the soldier's book, a war is a war when large bodies of armed troops start moving against each other. No one can gainsay that this is being done in Shanghai, in bomb-shattered Nanking and along the ever widening battle front in North China. Military men throughout the world are watching and studying the struggle and trying to estimate it in purely military terms.

There is no question that the man-power involved in the Sino-Japanese engagement is sufficiently formidable in numbers to meet the soldier's definitive requirement of "large bodies of troops." In this country there is no way of getting reliable and exact figures but the best estimates place the total number of soldiers now operating in the various theatres of the war, or in immediate reserve, at approximately 1,600,000. Of this number, roughly 500,000 are Japanese.

These soldiers are distributed something like this: In North China, under the command of General Terauchi, the Japanese have a force of approximately 200,000 men. This force is distributed along what is known as the Paoting-Tsingchow line and operates in three field armies. One is the right flank, fighting in the Kalgan area under command of Lieutenant-General Itagaki. What is known as the Second Field Army, under Lieutenant-General Nishio, operates in the Peiping sector; and the First Field Army, under Lieutenant-General Katsuki, carries on its activities from the Tientsin base. These are actual, front-line fighting forces, fully supplied and equipped for waging major warfare. Back of these front-line troops is General Uyeda's Kwantung Army of approximately 175,000 men, not yet participating in the present conflict but available and quickly movable into the battle sectors.

Facing this formidable Japanese force is an even larger army under command of three of China's ablest generals and the supreme leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Along the eastern end of the line General Hsu Yang-chang leads an army of 500,000 men. Westward, extending into the Kalgan area, is General Yen Hsi-shan's army of 385,000 soldiers; and moving northward toward the highly fortified Shihling and Yen-men Passes is General Chu Teh's Communist army, numbering 100,000. At Shanghai, the best estimate is that General Matsui, the Japanese commander, has at his disposal approximately 100,000 men. General Feng Yu-hsiang, the colorful "Christian General," has about 140,000 men in his opposing Chinese army actually engaged in combat. The Chinese are believed to have about 200,000 trained men in reserve in the Shanghai sector.

China, it will thus be seen, outnumbers Japan in a ratio of more than three to one on all fronts. On that basis it would seem that victory eventually must perch upon the banner of the Chinese, and no military authority who knows much about the situation is foolhardy enough to say that it may not. There are, however, other vital factors that appear to tilt the scales in Japan's favor.

For one thing, there is the matter of training. There is no doubt that the Japanese army is one of the best trained and best disciplined fighting forces in the world. Ambitious Nippon began many years ago to plan the course she is following in China today. Her armies have been pointed for the job they are now doing. They will not falter for lack of preparation.

The troops China has drawn up to meet the invader have surprised the military world by the excellence of their training. It is no longer accurate to speak contemptuously, as could truthfully be done a few short years ago, of China's armies as mobs of armed ragamuffins. It is now evident that within recent years China has developed a formidable force of well trained soldiers. Their skillful handling, particularly in the defense of Shanghai, has elicited praise from high military authorities. Japan, however, has had a highly trained, rigidly disciplined army for half a century. On the basis of training the odds would seem to be with Japan.

The factor of equipment is another vital element. Airplanes and their advantageous use; tanks, machine guns, field artillery, rifles, bullets and all the other accouterments of war often can turn the tide in favor of the numerically smaller army. Let us examine, for the moment, the equipment of the contending armies.

When the war started four months ago the Japanese, according to the best information available in the United States, had about 800 effective military airplanes. China claims she has destroyed 100 of them. No one knows how accurate that claim is. Japan claims to have destroyed something like 360 Chinese planes. There is good reason to believe that this is a larger number than the total Chinese air force at the beginning of the war; even taking account of new planes received since that time, the Japanese claim appears absurdly exaggerated.

Chinese who are in a position to know the facts say that the destruction of their planes by the Japanese has been held to a minimum through one or two ingenious devices, devices that seem characteristically Oriental. The Chinese, we understand, have built large numbers of dummy planes, of canvas and bamboo, and have set them out in fake airports as targets for the Japanese to shoot at. The enemy has obligingly used up vast quantities of bombs (at about

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$1,000 each) to destroy dummy planes at a value of $50 each. Meanwhile, the actual Chinese military airports are disguised by means of imitation houses, also made of canvas and bamboo, which are wheeled out while the planes are absent, to conceal from Japanese aviators the whereabouts of the flying field.

The World War demonstrated thoroughly the military value of tanks. Japan has about 1,000 of them. She has developed her own type of tanks since the World War and makes her own. With her North China armies she has tank regiments with motorized artillery and the requisite truck equipment for their effective operation. In Shanghai she is believed to have only about fifteen tanks and the nature of the fighting has not as yet enabled tanks to play a conspicuous part. China is far behind Japan in the matter of tanks and all of them were purchased abroad. Only a very few have appeared in the Shanghai area.

Japan's field artillery also is superior to China's. Her small-caliber field guns are horse-drawn, but her larger guns are motorized. She makes her own artillery to standardized specifications. China, while she has many field guns, has no standards of make or caliber. She has assembled a collection of almost every known kind and size from whatever source obtainable and has manufactured some herself. She makes her own ammunition. All of her field guns are horse-drawn.

With infantry weapons, such as rifles and machine guns, China is apparently well supplied, but she has a varied assortment. She uses rifles and machine guns of Russian, German and other makes, including quite a few that came originally from Japan. All her rifles and machine guns are of .30 caliber. Japan uses rifles and machine guns of a distinctly Japanese type which she has developed herself. They are all .27 caliber and she makes her own ammunition. On the basis of these major equipment factors, therefore, the advantage again would seem to lie with Japan.

In estimating the potentialities of success for either side, however, one of the crucial factors is supplies. Man-power is not effective if it is not fed and clothed and sheltered to some degree. Airplanes can do no damage unless they have bombs to drop or machine guns to shoot. Anti-aircraft guns, of which China seems not to have many, are useless without ammunition. Rifles are not much good without bullets and a hungry machine gun must have thousands and thousands of cartridges before it can mow down the ranks of an advancing foe. It takes steel, chiefly, to provide the ammunition needed. Many other metals and chemicals are also essential. These things can be provided only by an adequately industrialized nation with ample financial resources.

Japan is a highly industrialized nation. She is not naturally a rich nation but she has financial resources that up to now have enabled her to build, maintain and operate one of the world's most formidable military machines. She has been preparing for this struggle for a long time and the trade records of recent years show how she has reached into all corners of the world for the steel and other metals she has needed. It would be folly to assume that Japan has not stored up sufficient supplies to enable her to carry on a prolonged war in China and provide herself with the means of transporting them to the battle areas for the use of her troops.

Does China have commensurate supplies? The records and the known facts would indicate that she has not. If she has the supplies of steel and chemicals; if she has the factories in which these materials can be made into munitions of war; if she has the money to buy in the markets of the world the things she cannot produce herself, the world does not know about them. She has some munitions factories, of course, and some arsenals. Up to date she has found the supplies needed for waging fairly effective warfare. The question is whether she can long continue to provide her tremendous man-power with the fighting materials it needs. One must know the answer to that question to be able to predict the outcome of the struggle.

In connection with supplies, one must always remember that Japan's ports are open and her ships and those of other nations can carry to her supplies she can buy in other lands. She can transport, convoyed by her powerful navy if necessary, the things she makes at home for use in China.

The Japanese blockade, however, if it has not entirely closed has at least drastically curtailed China's opportunities for bringing to her ports vital supplies from abroad. The port of Canton is still open, but the railroad north from Canton is being bombed almost daily. As the allied navies during the World War eventually shut off Germany's outside supplies, so Japan can cut off China from trade with most of the rest of the world. A few supplies seem to be getting in from French Indo-China, through Yunnan, over a road that is barely passable for army trucks. Planes, of course, can be flown in from Indo-China or Siberia, but planes are useless without gasoline. Under such conditions, it is anybody's guess as to how long China's own resources could enable her to carry on the war.

So we have the score standing at one advantage for China in the matter of man-power and three for Japan in the matter of training, equipment and supplies. These factors are ponderables. How about the imponderables, the worth of one soldier as compared with another soldier, the morale of armies and of the civilian population back of them? Where, in this regard, does the advantage lie?

The individual Chinese soldier is generally brave. So is the individual Japanese soldier. The Orientals do not share the same views of the tragedy of death that the Occidentals do. In Japan, at least, the highest honor is to die for one's Emperor. Japan is a closely knit, highly organized and highly patriotic nation. She has railroads and telephones and telegraph lines and other means of communication so

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that she can bring all her people readily within the scope of national influences. China is a vast, sprawling nation, lacking all but the scantiest transportation and communication facilities, with vast sections of her population speaking languages unintelligible to other sections. She does not have a unified government as has Japan; she has no king or emperor to revere and die for. Some elements of her population have high political ideals; millions of her people utterly lack any concept of modern patriotism and nationalism. The Chinese have worn many yokes and for long periods. The Japanese have never felt the heel of a conqueror.

All these factors and many others must be weighed by the prophet who would attempt to foretell how the tides of success or failure will flow. Such a prophet would need to know more about China than the Chinese and more about Japan than the Japanese. There is no such prophet.

LUTHER A. HUSTON.

Thank You, Hitler

AS THE steamer moved up New York Harbor, the Statue of Liberty came into view through the light morning mist. A man standing on the upper deck stared at it without speaking, but his knuckles grew white as he gripped the rail with both hands.

That is a scene that has been repeated, in roughly the same terms, many times since 1933. Practically speaking, European immigration to the United States stopped more than a decade ago, but of late we have been receiving a small number of extraordinary immigrants who have come to us under amazing circumstances. They are refugees from a German homeland where life has become unendurable to them because of conflict with the fanatics and gangsters who now control the State. Some have bought their way out, as prisoners may purchase their liberty from a venal jailer; others have fled secretly across frontiers by night, in terror of a dog's bark or the glint of moonlight on a bayonet.

Some are exiled because of religious faiths that had been practiced by them, and their fathers before them, for hundreds of years; some are liberals or radicals obsessed with the vision of a peaceful and happy world to be attained through a new social order. Many have been doomed for no crime at all save that of being born—of being a member of that Jewish race which ethnologists tell us is not a race at all. Or perhaps not even a full member: a quarter, an eighth, a sixteenth will do, when the State is seeking an excuse to take from a man his material possessions, his business or his professional practice, envied by greedy neighbors.

So it happens that to America (and, of course, to other countries as well) there have come these past four years a group of emigrants unlike any the world has seen before—individuals of such distinction that never, under ordinary circumstances, would they dream of transplanting themselves. These men and women are scientists, creative artists, musicians, philosophers. Theirs is a culture as high as can be found anywhere in the world. Already, they have contributed notably to the enhancement of our civilization; but what they have done thus far is certainly unimportant compared with the great promise that stretches forward through the years. I feel that we Americans owe a profound debt of gratitude to Hitler for making possible this enrichment of our collective life. Thank you, Hitler.

There is for example Dr. Albert Einstein, now of the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton, New Jersey, Nobel Prize winner, world-famed mathematician and physicist, whose great theory of relativity. whatever may be the final verdict upon it, has pushed back the frontiers of man's thought as no other contribution of this generation has done. Thank you, Hitler, for Dr. Einstein.

There is Thomas Mann, one of the few authentic giants of our day, whose novels are known among civilized persons throughout the whole world. He recently announced his intention of becoming an American citizen. Thank you, Hitler, for Thomas Mann.

There is Heinrich Bruening, Chancellor of Germany during that brief national greatness that came between the Kaiser and Hitler, student as well as man of action and polished world citizen. Thank you, Hitler, for Chancellor Bruening.

There is Ernst Toller, brilliant playwright, poet and humanitarian. There is Max Reinhardt, great theatrical producer and director. There is Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld, former Minister of Justice of Prussia. Thank you, Hitler, for such men as these.

I could fill a whole issue of The New Republic, did space permit, with the names and brief biographies of illustrious Germans driven from their fatherland by the Nazis and now permanently resident in America. In the world of music we have Dr. Otto Klemperer, conductor of symphony orchestras; Julius Ehrlich, composer, Bruno Eisner, pianist, Kurt Weill, composer, Dr. Robert Robitschek, Dr. Felix Guenther, George Bertram, Edward Moritz, Ernest Toch, Ernst Gebert. In the world of the theatre we have Elisabeth Bergner, certainly one of the world's two or three greatest actresses today.

Among artists there are George Grosz, Leo Rosner and others. In the field of medicine and medical research, we see the names of Dr. Wilhelm Frei, famous dermatologist and inventor of the Frei

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test for lymphogranuloma inguinale; Dr. Richard Goldschmidt, brilliant biologist and geneticist, known for his work in the field of sex determination; Dr. Carl Lange, bacteriologist, serologist and inventor of the gold sol reaction for syphilis; Dr. Siegfried Loewe, pharmacologist, famous for his work on the male sex hormone; Dr. Rudolph Schoenheimer, biochemist, who has made important investigations of cholesterol; and many others.

The largest single group of cultured refugees is, of course, the university professors. Of these the heaviest concentration is at the "University in Exile," that remarkable institution affiliated with the New School for Social Research in New York City. It would take many thousand words to give an adequate idea of the achievement of Dr. Alvin Johnson and his associates in bringing the University into existence, and of the work now being done there. Among the members of the faculty I can name only a few: Karl Brandt, agricultural economist; Arnold Brecht, student of political science, jurisprudence and public finance; Gerhard Colm, authority in public finance and world economics; Arthur Feiler, economist, known to New Republic readers as the author of one of our Dollar Books, "America Seen Through German Eyes"; Emil Lederer, economist; Hans Staudinger, economist; Max Wertheimer, psychologist and philosopher; Frieda Wunderlich, economist and sociologist.

I have on my desk the names and biographical data of at least fifty other distinguished German scholars now resident in the United States. To take a few almost at random, we see in the fields of art and archeology, Dr. Margarete Bieber, Dr. Walter Friedlaender, Dr. Ernst Herzfeld, Dr. Richard Krautheimer, Dr. Edwin Panofsky. There is Dr. James Franck, winner of the Nobel Prize for his work on the atom. In pharmaceutical chemistry there is Dr. Kurt Wachtel; in electro-chemistry, Dr. Kasimir Fajans. There are Dr. William Stern, in the field of psychology and philosophy; Dr. Paul Tillich, professor of philosophy; Dr. Richard Courant, mathematician; Dr. Martin Sommerfeld, student of modern German literature; Dr. Hans Neisser, economist; Walter Curt Behrendt, authority on modern architecture and city planning. There is Dr. Otto Nathan, economist, formerly in the Department of Labor of the German government. There is Alice Salomon, famous social worker, known for many years as "the Jane Addams of Germany." There is Lotte Jacobi, noted photographer. There is Dr. Hans Rosenberg, inventor of the photo-electric-cell device used in commercial signs. In anthropology we have Dr. Julius Lips, distinguished author of the recent popular work, "The Savage Hits Back." There is Vicki Baum, popular novelist and playwright. There is Frank Waxman, student of musical history and theory. There is Dr. Eugen Rosenstock-Hussy, political scientist. There is Alfred Vagts, historian.

Although the refugees have been in America such a comparatively short time, death has made serious inroads. Among those who have passed away since coming to this country are Werner Hegemann, authority on town and regional planning; Eva Fiesel, student of extinct languages whose work in Etruscan was unique; Emmy Noether, mathematician, and Moritz Geiger, professor of philosophy.

The roster of our refugee intellectuals, already impressive, continues to grow. It is easier to find Germans of distinguished attainments eager to start life afresh in the New World than it is to make places for them. Half a dozen organizations are at work helping these strange pioneers to make the transition; many are the contributions, some of them large, made by individual Americans, to this work. Among the groups engaged in this task I might mention, without disparagement of the others, the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced German Scholars, whose chairman is Dr. Livingston Farrand and whose secretary is Dr. Stephen Duggan, and the National Coördinating Committee for German Refugees, whose chairman is Professor Joseph P. Chamberlain and whose executive director is Miss Cecilia Razovsky.

It is interesting to speculate on the valuation that might be put on the services of the refugees. The cultural contribution of an artist or a scholar is of course beyond any possible valuation in dollars and cents; and it is obvious, too, that a single invention or medical discovery may be worth billions of dollars. But even if we look at the matter merely as capitalized earning power, the wealth represented by our refugees is worth a little thought. On this basis, the average scholar has an "investment value" of $200,000. Viewed in these terms alone, Germany's contribution to us goes a long way toward paying her defaulted post-war debt. For this and for many other things that he does not understand and never will, I feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the Führer. Hitler: thank you.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Towhee in Autumn

The towhee now is stout and sleek and single;
His families are grown and gone.
When he jumps backwards, raking up the leaves,
The vital enterprise is his alone.

Merry a chase his lady towhee flew him;
Frenzy she cost him, and many beautiful straws.
Later, he worked till his feathers were loose upon him
Cramming illimitable craws.

Love and fear and fever were in the towhee,
A nest of birds were his own, for his cherishing.
But these are over and utterly vanished—
They are not this bird's—they were that bird's of spring.

And now all birds but one are vague as shadows;
Sleek and stout and single this towhee is.
He chirps the only important chirps in the world,
He crams the only significant craw—his.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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Shoot the Works

Americans Can Understand Russians—Cosmetics Are Consolidating the Revolution—Booing the Umpire Makes Us All Comrades

ONE OF the gravest dangers of complete isolation is psychological, but for all that real and terrible. When a country cuts itself off from the rest of the world it does so on the ground of self-sufficiency, which is just another word for smugness. And in the pride of nationalism there develops a feeling not only that other people are inferior but that they are beyond the comprehension of good patriots. Americans seem surprised to hear that a Chinese bleeds when cut and that he is the prey of fear and hunger and sudden death like all the rest of us.

And many of the most deep-seated misunderstandings about the Soviets are based upon the calm acceptance of the familiar statement: "You must remember that the Russians are an Asiatic people." Even the best of foreign correspondents are inclined to say when they return to these shores, "Well, of course, nobody can possibly understand anything about Russia until he has lived there many years and learned the language." That, of course, builds up the reputation of the foreign correspondent and raises him to the rank of Othello. We poor home-grown Desdemonas are supposed to listen in wonder and ask no questions.

I am quite ready to agree that many silly books called "Russia—Yes or No" have been written by men and women who spent a week in Moscow. All world records for the broad jump at conclusions have been broken by observers who were only halfway round the Kremlin. But admitting all this, I want to make a wager, sufficient to cover my expenses, that I can go to Russia next summer and come back at the end of the month with a profound knowledge about many important things in the life of the Soviets. Naturally I want to define the terms of the bet and gain agreement that on certain vital matters I will have no opinion of any consequence whatsoever. If and when I get a passport, I want to have it stipulated that it does not admit me into any model factories or hold good even up to the edge of a coöperative farm.

I wouldn't know whether a factory was good or bad. Once I was an employee of the General Electric Company. I did their advertising on the air, and the hard part of the job was that every so often I was compelled to go to Schenectady to be shown around. Invariably I came away knowing less than I did before. The thought was that I could boost the bulbs of the company better if I observed the manner in which they were made. It didn't work out that way. All I could ever grasp was that everybody seemed busy and the machines were precise and ingenious.

However, there are things concerning which I am not nearly so muddle-headed. In fact, I am an expert on a few remote subjects. So when I go to Russia I will confine my survey to sports, newspaper reporters and night life. I want to see how a Soviet soccer match stacks up against a World Series baseball game. I want to know if Moscow has a saloon like the one next The Herald Tribune. Dick Watts informs me that they have horse racing in Russia and that it is possible to bet and lose money. The various stables are coöperatively owned, of course, but I think that might add to rather than detract from the excitement. The day may even come in America when the Saratoga Gold Cup will be a contest between the three-year-old colt entered by the CIO running against the gelding of William Green's American Federation of Labor.

I know that night life and cabarets must be on the increase in Russia because every now and then I see some small newspaper item about the increase in the use of cosmetics in the Soviets. This, I think, is worth much more space than most the commentators have accorded to it. The rising tide of creature comforts in any land follows pretty directly the curve of paint upon both houses and faces. The shiny nose is a symbol not only of a bleak philosophy but also of bare living standards.

Quite obviously there was a time when rouge was the mark of aristocracy. The frills of French nobility were factors which helped to bring about the downfall of the monarchy. The Bastille fell and cosmetic jars crashed with it. Inevitably the citizens and citizenesses went through a transition period in which it became obligatory for everyone to scrub his neck. But revolution failed in part because it became confused as to that Puritanical rigor which is necessary for an end. It lost sight of the ultimate goal of mankind, which must always be joy and good times. One fights hard in order to live soft.

To be sure, some may argue that my enthusiasm for sport and cafés and the blush of paint is bourgeois. Some get their pleasures out of simpler things. Some do, but when socialism has become universal I trust that there will again be cakes and ale. Indeed, I fervently hope to be able to live on until the day when I can wander into the betting ring in a wholly unparasitic way and ask, "What are the odds of the Newspaper Guild horse 'Deadline' in the fifth race?" And I fervently believe that when the use of face paint becomes general, amiability comes in at the window. The young woman who seeks to better her countenance is admitting that she owes a duty to the community in which she lives. Paint is more than a mere pictorial effect. It establishes a mood—a helpful mood, I think. The woman with a shiny nose says in effect, "Look at me—I'm a good woman," which is just another way of saying, "I'm a rugged individualist." The girl who is cleverly kalsomined is saying, "Look at me, I'm a friendly one." Of course, there may be such a thing as being too friendly, but friendliness is certainly a more positive virtue than mere obstructive virtue. And the mind-the-paint girl has a right to say (if she has done her job with any skill): "I've worked hard to make myself prettier than I actually am, and I did this to please people. I think they ought to be grateful." Well, I think so, too.

One touch of nature may make the whole world kin but, after all, kinship is hardly the warmest and most cordial of human relationships—meaning no disrespect to the esteem in which you hold your Aunt Sally. Nature leaves us all little more than second cousins once removed. Paint sees your kinship and raises the bet to comradeship. I'm told that it is only girls with shiny noses who go around saying, "How dare you, sir?" And certainly there is nothing more unfriendly than that.

Russian women are using cosmetics, and Russian men at soccer games have begun to boo the umpire. I refuse to regard the citizens of the Soviets as aliens. We are brothers and sisters over the skin. HEYWOOD BROUN.

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Washington Notes

The "Algic" Crew Arrests—Mr. Kennedy's Cable Sets a Precedent—The Maritime Commission Matched Against the CIO

AS THIS is written, it seems just possible that the government-owned freighter "Algic" may furnish the occasion for a head-on collision between the administration and the CIO, a thoroughly deplorable prospect. A few days ago, fourteen members of the "Algic's" crew were seized in Baltimore at the end of a long, troubled voyage from Montevideo, Uruguay, and thrown into jail on a charge of mutiny. The arrests were instigated by the United States Maritime Commission, the chairman of which is Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, former head of the SEC and one of Mr. Roosevelt's closest advisers. Mr. Kennedy has long been annoyed by what he likes to call the lack of discipline among American seamen. Apparently he is now trying to force a showdown on union activity.

The "Algic's" crew belongs to the National Maritime Union, an important constituent member of the CIO. Its head, Mr. Joseph Curran, is the friend and associate of Mr. John L. Lewis. The CIO, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Curran have all been ignored, up to the present, in the proceedings against the "Algic's" men. If it were Mr. Kennedy's purpose to weaken Mr. Lewis and Mr. Curran in the eyes of seagoing labor, and to show that they have no real power to protect union members, he would behave precisely as he is now doing.

There is, however, a still more questionable aspect to the "Algic" case. For many months, the National Maritime Union has been engaged in a struggle not only with the private ship operators, but also with Mr. Joe Ryan, head of the A. F. of L. longshoremen's union. The Maritime Commission has given immediate supervision of the "Algic" affair to a member of its staff named Mr. Dan S. Ring. Mr. Ring met the "Algic" at Baltimore, and warmly congratulated its chief officer, Captain Joseph Gainard, on his heroism in putting down the supposed mutiny. Before his appointment to the Commission, Mr. Ring was a Washington lawyer whose practice included many labor cases. He had then, and still has, close associations with the A. F. of L. leaders. Spokesmen for the National Maritime Union say he has sought to further the interests of Mr. Ryan and the A. F. of L. against those of the CIO.

It may be that Mr. Ring is personally blameless. But it seems clear that the Maritime Commission, as an organization, is consciously seeking to take advantage of the split on the Atlantic seaboard between Mr. Curran and Mr. Ryan. Within the last few days, officials of the Commission have explicitly informed this department that Mr. Curran could do nothing in the "Algic" case, that he could not afford to oppose the government while simultaneously carrying on a running fight with Mr. Ryan. You would expect to hear such talk from a union-baiting private employer, but not from an agency of the New Deal.

The essential facts in the "Algic" case are undisputed. The "Algic's" master, Captain Gainard, is admittedly anti-union. On July 8, as the "Algic" was about to sail from Baltimore on its outward voyage, the crew presented him with a letter in which, with somewhat theatrical solemnity, they demanded that he and the other ship's officers join the unions of their respective crafts, the Masters', Mates' and Pilots' Association, and the Maritime Engineers' Beneficial Association. Otherwise, the ship would not move. Gainard regarded the letter as a piece of unparalleled impudence, broke an incipient strike among the crew and took the "Algic" to sea. Throughout the voyage, relations between Gainard and his men were about as bad as they could have been. The ship's morale was not helped when the "Algic" put in at Jacksonville, Florida, and one of the leaders of the crew, John Burgess, was shot and killed in a waterfront brawl.

When the "Algic" arrived in Montevideo, September 10, it met a strike among the Uruguayan longshoremen. The "Algic" anchored in the harbor, and scab stevedores were brought alongside by tender to work the cargo. The imprisoned members of the "Algic" crew in Baltimore say that the scabs were incompetent, were unable to operate the ship's steam winches and were endangering their own and others' lives. Spokesmen for the Maritime Commission deny this, and say the unloading would have gone smoothly if the Uruguayan strikers had not established a picket line of small boats around the "Algic," and incited the crew to "mutinous" action. Whichever version is correct, a member of the "Algic's" crew finally went to the boiler room and cut off the steam from the winches.

Captain Gainard was abed with a touch of influenza. He roused up and went ashore to get advice from the resident United States consul. Apparently neither of them could decide what to do. Eventually Gainard picked up the telephone and called the Maritime Commission, five thousand miles away. His call was transferred to Mr. Kennedy, who told him to put the crew in irons. Mr. Kennedy then dispatched a formal cable, confirming his telephone conversation. The cable seems to have cowed the crew completely. They quit their strike, and the "Algic" returned.

By immemorial sea law, a crew is bound to obey the ship's master. But to twist a sympathetic strike of American sailors in a foreign port into a mutiny shows either malevolence or else lack of ordinary good sense. The Maritime Commission now operates through agents thirty-seven ships, totaling 327,474 tons, a sizable fraction of the American merchant marine. If every union dispute occurring on these ships is to be a mutiny, followed by arrest and prosecution, the influence of the CIO among seagoing workers will obviously be endangered. Private operators are going to follow the government's example and cry mutiny whenever it suits their purpose.

Spokesmen for the Maritime Commission say that Mr. Kennedy's "mutiny" cable states the Commission's settled policy. As these Notes are written, the exhaustive report on the shipping industry that Mr. Kennedy and his staff have been preparing since last summer has not yet appeared. But it is predicted that the report will lay much of the weakness of the industry to its inability to obtain new capital—which in turn will be attributed in part to recent labor disputes. For the future, Mr. Kennedy's cable ought to prove reassuring to investors.

Perhaps the most difficult aspect of the whole "Algic" case is Mr. Kennedy's extreme self-righteousness about his labor policies. Ten days ago he issued an order setting national minimum wages according to the West Coast scale, which is considerably higher than the Atlantic scale.

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The order was accompanied by a strong declaration in favor of collective bargaining. It provided for annual vacations with pay, and Mr. Kennedy boasts, with justification, that all new vessels constructed under government subsidy will have quarters for the crew superior to any now existing. Except for the single issue of overtime, his orders have been consistently favorable to the workers.

If this department may say so, however, Mr. Kennedy exhibits a fine example of the company-union mind. The company-union advocate, sometimes sincerely, believes in fair wages, good working conditions and collective bargaining, but he will fix the wages, determine the working conditions and do all the collective bargaining. Most observers here think that Mr. Kennedy will refuse to yield on his present labor policies. On the other hand, as far as the "Algic" case is concerned, the CIO likewise cannot yield, and cannot abandon its fourteen comrades to Mr. Kennedy's wrath.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Wall Street Puts One Over—"Forward-Looking Men" in 1919 and in 1937—Judge Davis Is Still Loyal

THE INEVITABLE is coming to pass. The propagandists of Wall Street are making excellent headway in the drive to sell the idea that the woes of the market now are the result of the regulatory activities of the government, chiefly in the SEC. This is quite a normal phenomenon. After all, it was in the cards that business should run into a serious halting spell sooner or later and that the market would crack up. It would have cracked up sooner had there been no SEC, and for the very good reason that it would have soared higher and wilder. But no one will believe that. The Stock Exchange organization has been doing a good job of publicity, as witness the Reserve Board's action on margins. A lot of foolish people are being made to believe again that the money for industry originates in Wall Street, whereas Wall Street actually diverts money from industry.

The Roosevelt administration is now at a stage in its troubled career when it faces a phenomenon well known to those who are acquainted with Washington. It turned up in the administrations of the Hoovers and Coolidges, as well as the administrations of the Wilsons and Roosevelts. But it is most tragic in the latter.

I remember in 1921 and 1922, when I first began to frequent the purlieus of Wall Street, running into this disillusioning force. Like many another youthful patriot of the time I had risen to dizzy altitudes of fervor when Woodrow Wilson in his first inaugural summoned "all forward-looking men" to his side. There is no doubt that Wilson was actually calling the forward-looking souls to his banners. But as the call rang out, the gentlemen who came forward in waves turned out to be not altogether in conformity with the Wilson specifications. And so, in 1921, still holding my illusions about that confused interlude in the long regime of the tories, I was continually surprised, as I visited first one banking house, one brokerage house, one Wall Street law firm after another, to find myself talking to some excessively predatory person only to learn that he had gotten his start down in Washington under the New Freedom. There came a day in 1919, after the War was over and the New Freedom seemed a little groggy and the Fates were flirting with the Apostles of the Old Despotism, when great numbers of the "forward-looking" men who had answered Wilson's drum beat began to look forward once again—to look around, in fact, for their next landing place. Having served in the State Department or the Commerce Department or the Internal Revenue Department or the Treasury Department and having learned the ways of government and having made some influential contacts, the young patriots, now not so young, feeling the ship a little shaky under their feet, set about making a prosperous escape from the stricken vessel.

And so, in good time, the men who had enlisted at Wilson's side for the salvation of the people, turned up in Wall Street as partners in corporation law firms, investment banking houses, brokerage firms, utility companies, in great tax accountants' offices and, in many cases, in Washington lobbyist law firms, fighting for all those sinister interests they had marched against in Wilson's first administration.

Something like that is happening now. The patriots are leaving. Of course 1940 seems still far away—but the time will roll around quickly enough. But what is more to the point, the prestige of the administration may be expected now to wane a little or even a great deal. The time to go is when the going is good—and the going is good now. It would perhaps be cruel to name all the boys who were prepared to lay down their lives for their depressed country at the beginning of the New Deal, who were denouncing the enemies of the people, and who are now comfortably connected with the law firms, the corporations, the industries and agencies of those same enemies. I could make a very long list. But I refrain in all charity.

Many of them were doing very well in the service of the economic royalists back in the days of Hoover. And when the New Deal flamed into prosperity and the pickings in the law offices and the market were no longer so rich, they went trooping into Washington to advance the new evangel. Some of them were men who had grown weary in the service of the progressive cause.

It occurred to me to look about Washington to see if I could find left any of the earnest men who had gone down to hold up Wilson's hands and who had stuck it out. I was a little disheartened at the smallness of the band. Indeed I could scarcely find a veteran left. I found two stalwarts in the Federal Trade Commission—men who had gone down to Congress in Wilson's day and fought valiantly for the reforms of that first administration. There is Judge Ewing Davis of Tennessee. Davis was one of those militant warriors of the New Freedom who had plenty of ability and who might have gone on to New York into a prosperous law firm or back to Tennessee to collect juicy fees from those who have juicy fees to pay. He chose to remain in the service of the government and is now a member of the Federal Trade Commission, still unflagging in his devotion to the banner he held aloft in 1912.

I wonder if his name was on the list of seventy or eighty who were being looked into for that Supreme Court

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vacancy. Probably not. The President wants young men. Heaven knows, I am for young men. But they do have a way of growing "wiser and more practical" as they grow older and recover from their youthful mental excesses. I think if I were an executive I would pick young ones in the jobs where I could chuck 'em out when they went practical on me. But I would look only to the old war horses for the irremovable jobs—judges for instance. After a man has battled for the progressive cause for thirty years, has withstood the temptations and weariness which beset the reformer, he can be pretty well trusted for the rest of the journey.

I found a few others but there is no room to mention them here. One of these days I want to write a piece about the deserters of the New Deal and the faithful veterans of the New Freedom. I mention Judge Davis because he is an excellent example of the latter.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Two Critics and a Journal

MR. SAM A. LEWISOHN is a rich man, and so it is necessary to make clear the fact that this book of his on art[1] is not ghost written, as will inevitably be said, and I have heard said already, in more places than one could wish, alas for human nature! Certain parts of the volume have been published before as articles, but not the majority, and from the very first page it assumes a somewhat special interest. Here is a series of papers and varied ruminations on many painters by the owner of a notable collection of pictures, almost all modern, a devoted observer of painting generally, a traveler indeed among pictures here, there and everywhere, on two continents.

What the author of these papers has to say does not intend to cover the field in any case; nor, on the other hand, is it any willful assertion of this and that taste or opinion, or blurting of the banalities of smattering individualism. What we have is certain aspects about various painters and about art that have meant something to him, and that he has very manifestly tried to simplify and design toward his own ends. If, as is true, in some instances this simplification, or generalization, goes beyond what may be safely ventured, the whole result remains, nevertheless, effective; it achieves a certain straight drawing, and posits a basis of steady observation, critical and human.

The title, "Painters and Personality," none too happy, does not imply merely that a painter's personality affects his work, we all know that. The title serves as part of the argument against the theory that there is some fate, inexorable esthetic logic, some mystic art predestination, that creates new forms. The appearance on the scene of some unique genius—some *originale*—Cézanne, for example, plays a great part, even though the tendency, the state of mind, the movement of tradition, is there ready for him to be shaped by and to shape. The result of Mr. Lewisohn's response to his thesis and to the exemplars he chooses is often extraordinary. There is expressed for us an authentic impact of life on art. His book can at its best be solid and even brilliant, as in his comment on Van Gogh's vehemence and aggressive affection, and peasantlike love of design; Gauguin's inner arrogance; that real anxiety that we feel in Henri Rousseau's jungles though they are not real forests or real buffaloes; Picasso's undigested aggression, and lack of firm character to give consistency; the particular sort of horror, without clichés, in Rouault; Daumier's monumental, tragic and acid line, plus his use of it against the French legalistic system of the nineteenth century as a brutal intellectual trade union; and the lack among the "abstract" painters of spontaneity, as necessary in a work of art as in one of nature's works, where surprise and wholeness are ever present. There are 132 plates.

The book by Mr. Shaw comes from no collector and generous sharer, but from a professional critic whose equipment for his job is made abundantly clear in his preface to these papers of almost fifty years ago, when the kindly editor of The Star, as a way out of risky political opinions, agreed to his doing musical reviews. This one is even better than many of the former prefaces that Mr. Shaw has contrived, a mixture of engaging reminiscence, bad taste, insolent knowledge, Irish irresponsibility, shifty codes of private loyalty, and a speaking, marvelous prose style. A part of his enterprise, we are told, was to crack the surface of that stultified and academic criticism and snobbery that was operant in London musical strata and criticism just then; and to this purpose he was willing to say a great many things that were neither fair nor quite true.

Leaving aside my private delight in the point, genuine knowledge, and sharp sincerity and conviction of many of this book's critical decisions, I should like to go on record as proposing one question. The question asks to what extent a critic's allowing the bourgeois world around him to drive him to statements he would not but for its complacent stuffiness ever make, is a sign of the critic's defeat? Just how shall he know whether, or how much, he is going into these extremes, showy, often vulgar, and with at best no truth beyond the moody, to draw attention to a cause or to himself? At any rate the result of it is to both his advantage and disadvantage; everything, good and bad, is charged in the bookkeeping, and no mistake. How far has this trick and method for attention on Mr. Shaw's part encouraged other critics and reviewers, with nothing of his genuine cultivation, to the wholesale scattering of opinions without justification or substantial details and with only the service in them of weapons, shockers, brickbats on the head? In all such instances the final cost, whatever scalps have been scattered along the way, comes back to the critic. You may credit his impulse but not his performance. You may respect a critic not so much for what he says, however impish or rousing, but for what he does not say. But Mr. Shaw could never understand that. Meanwhile, in this reprinted matter you read, skip a little, read again. Numberless passages insinuating and alive, stuff that is a long way from dead yet, is still like a holiday.

Of the journal of Delacroix it is impossible to speak to much purpose; the whole of it, in its romantic mass, pressure and diligence, is alone capable of its revelation. It was begun in 1822, not long after his triumph with his first masterpiece, the "Dante and Vergil," and went on till his death in 1863. The mind of Delacroix, his turmoil and

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[1] Painters and Personality, by Sam A. Lewisohn. New York: Harper and Brothers. 303 pages. $3.75.

London Music in 1888-89, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 439 pages. $2.50.

The Journal of Eugene Delacroix, translated by Walter Pach. New York: Covici, Friede. 371 pages. $7.50.

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exaltation, his probings, reflections, his contacts with the leading figures of his time, the antagonism, and conflict with his great opposite, Ingres, are all present in these pages. Whatever we may think of Delacroix, leaning toward such painters as seem to us nearest to the visual life we will and look for, the fact remains that his stock has steadily gone up again these latter years. As Mr. Pach tells us in his introduction, a single look about the great room in the Louvre which contains the masterpieces of French painting in the nineteenth century will suffice to declare the esteem in which that museum—"the chief spokesman," he says, "of the world's thought on art"—holds the man whom Renoir called the greatest artist of the French School. Delacroix's pictures, transferred from the lesser galleries in the Louvre, and from the spaces high up on the walls, are now on "the line." In fact they occupy more than a third of it.

This journal, curiously enough now translated for the first time into English—with great success—is to my taste more impressive than any one canvas of Delacroix's. You read not only a human document but an epoch.

STARK YOUNG.

Old Man River

THE FILM men who work for the Farm Security Administration are just now releasing a picture about soil erosion and flood control that is very strange and exciting, in all its departments a honey of a picture: "The River." Pare Lorentz had an organization that would stagger even Hollywood: assistants, second assistants and third auxiliaries, advance men and supply men and sound experts, camera crews scattering out over the country, cutters working on what they brought back. But there was one man directing all of them and shaping the film, to bring these miles of stuff into the focus of a half-hour on the screen.

The picture starts with the Mississippi, with where it came from and where it went to and how it ran through American history—the drip of each season's melting snow gathering into trickles and the trickles into brooks, the brooks into branches, creeks, young rivers, small tributaries into bigger and all gathering volume ("The Mississippi River runs to the Gulf").

Then the story of men pushing across the river and spreading out to exploit its territory—cotton in the South, timber in the hills; the Civil War and its resultant clean sweep for the industrial big time. With the soil harried to death and the timberland down, the despoiled land has its inexorable revenge. Down from the first thaw the waters converge to cover dry acres with inland seas and pestilence and floating rubbish. And now in our time the levee is built higher for a thousand miles and still the waters rise and thousands of families are swept before them. Sandbags are useless against this swollen power, and so there dawns (as easily as morning) the idea of control at the source, a whole network of dams and locks and spillways.

This is no sales talk, you have been conscious of no special pleading. The bulk of the picture is in the tragic stated problem, the floods and the parched soil and the hillsides cut to the quick and burned over, a continent as the mute playground for reckless spoilers, biding the time of its terrible revenge. And the last section develops as simply from that, as the resolution of any drama: what may and must be done, and the modern epic of our start on the Tennessee Valley ("You cannot plan for water unless you plan for land. . . . You cannot plan for water and land unless you plan for people"), dams and power plants in all their monstrous beauty, and shrewd crop rotation and homes for people and the significant planting of little trees. The picture as propaganda doesn't even have to try, because whatever it started out to do it has tapped a national dramatic source that has more potential splendor and vital energy than any number of quaint covered wagons or "births" of a nation. Crime and punishment, death and renascence ("And a generation growing up with no new land in the West—no new continent to build—a generation whose people knew King's mountain. And Shiloh. . . .").

Outside of a Hollywood shot of river boats and overage from "Come and Get It," this film was all photographed by FSA men out in the country, under the three main camera supervisors, Stacey Woodard, Floyd Crosby and Willard Van Dyke. What they brought back, over and above the spoiled negative, the repetitions, etc., is as good as anything that has been done. During the filming they had heartbreaks by the bushel basket, and after they thought they were all through (in January of this year), that old devil river raged over into the headlines, and so they went into the flood area in boats and over it in planes, and got some of the most exciting stuff of the picture. But quite apart from the flash element, some of the most beautiful stuff was framed in the course of duty—the sharecropper sequence on the one hand, the stump country and its angry growth of waters on the other.

The camera is alive, but you can't miss Pare Lorentz's part in mounting, in devising the whole picture and setting its pace. Because Pare Lorentz wrote the narration (I have never heard a film commentary with so much eloquence and restrained good taste as Mr. Thomas Chalmers sustains throughout his reading), and the narration makes both sense and poetry. The poetry of simple facts and names, the beauty of geography and national experience rising through the picture. You must see the small brooks everywhere running to waterfalls and slow bends and final open rivers before you get the sweet haunting flavor of the words as they fall: "Down from the turkey ridges of the Alleghenies. . . . Down the Yellowstone, the Milk, the White and Cheyenne; the Cannonball, the Musselshell, the James and the Sioux . . . down the Miami, the Wabash, the Licking and the Green, the Cumberland, the Kentucky and the Tennessee." And this is a theme, woven in at intervals—first it is the river as we found it, and then as we fought it, and then again as it has taken a swollen vengeance: "Down the Judith, the Grand, the Osage and the Platte, the Skunk, the Salt, the Black and Minnesota. . . ." There are other themes. First as the camera swings over great heads of timber, then as the double-blade axes bite in and loosen chips, then as the camera swings over a desolation of stumps and mean shrubs, with the rain falling and a sad mist hanging in the rear hollows as though to cover the path of this blind savagery (one of the loveliest things ever taken): "Black spruce and Norway pine; Douglas fir and red cedar; Scarlet oak and shagbark hickory; Hemlock and aspen. . . ."

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These are not words for words' sake, but rather for what they can tell. "Corn and oats down the Missouri, tobacco and whiskey down the Ohio; down from Pittsburgh, down from St. Louis. Hemp and potatoes; pork and flour; we sent our commerce to the sea." And the names of places, hanging on the edge of fond recollection, albeit we've never seen them: "New Orleans to Baton Rouge; Baton Rouge to Natchez; Natchez to Vicksburg; Vicksburg to Memphis; Memphis to Cairo—we built a dyke a thousand miles long." With the eye of the camera on these cotton fields, sawmills, wharves, levees, the words take on a majesty and meaning that moves people as no history book will ever move them ("For fifty years we dug for cotton and moved west when the land gave out"); and teaches them as they could never be taught ("For a quarter of a century we have been forcing more and more farmers into tenancy . . . no home, no land of their own, aimless, footloose and impoverished"). It is like the truth of facts set to music (Virgil Thomson's actual score, thoughtful and indigenous as it is, forms only a constituent part of the total effect; which seems to have used the best of everything). And that is the way to do it always, so that people will see it not out of duty, but with pleasure. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" was ordered removed today from the public libraries and schools in Rio de Janeiro state as part of Brazil's campaign against "subversive" and "communist" literature.—*Associated Press dispatch from Rio de Janeiro.*

A cemetery owner complained today against calling cremated human remains "ashes" and criticized "cheapness" in their disposition.

"The idea of memorials should be encouraged," Fred H. Burnaby, of Seattle, told the Washington State Cemetery Owners' convention, "even for cremated remains. It is good for civilization."—*News item in The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Tear gas and riot guns will in future be used to preserve order during intercollegiate basketball games in Manila, states Colonel Antonio Torres, the chief of police. He refers to a "noticeable lack of influence" on the part of college professors over the students.—*Reuter dispatch, quoted in The Manchester Guardian.*

THAT'S TELLING THEM

Barring world upheavals which nobody can predict and making allowance for the usual business recessions in a long-pull movement, we have ahead either one or two years of over-expansion or four or five years of real prosperity.—*Ralph B. Wilson, vice-president of Babson's reports, in a speech before the annual national business conference, published in The Lincoln, Neb., Star.*

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO MAINE?

The incident of Mr. Black's appointment . . . shows up the kind of President we have. It shows up the Senate. It shows up our newspapers. It shows up organized labor. Finally, it shows up the kind of people we have, who would elect such a President and such a Senate, and who wou tolerate an organization of labor which avows such pri ciples and employs such methods.—*Albert J. Nock, writi in The American Mercury.*

DICTATED BUT NOT READ

It has been my privilege (with the exception of one priz fight story by Ernest Hemingway) never to have read a of the works of authors discussed in this book. . . . Hemin way, Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passo William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, William Saroya Theodore Dreiser, James T. Farrell and some others. . . These books do not *need* to be read, either as a study of o times, or for any other reason, nor can any young Cathol boy or girl (or man or woman, for that matter) allow h or her imagination to be assailed for page after page by t foul images and brutal vocabulary of such books and th expect to be able to employ successfully this most delica instrument of thought for our prescribed practices of puri and prayer.—*From an editorial in the Catholic magazin America.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this colun and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address T Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITOR

TWO COMMUNICATION

Spain: A Battle Behind the Lines

SIR: It is more than encouraging to learn, from Ral Bates's article in your issue of October 20, that cri cism of the counter-revolutionary course of the Negrin go ernment "is almost fashionable in certain circles." Such the standpoint of the revolutionary socialists and anarchis but since Bates has never been near us, it must mean th even in those circumscribed circles in which he tours he there is a dawning realization that the bourgeois-Stalin bloc are leading Spain to a catastrophe. I have hopes, ther fore, that the people he refers to will not be taken in by t patently dishonest defense he makes of the bourgeoisific tion of the anti-Fascist armies. I use the word dishone advisedly, as one single example will indicate.

"At the taking of Estrecho Quinto on the Aragon fron for instance," says Bates, "an FAI-CNT column, ang at having to take part in a preliminary operation of s spectacular success, cleared off to another sector with a its artillery. Later it was embittered because it had be refused a share in the glory." This is an incontestable fa Where did Bates get it? Not from any Stalinists, becau there were no Stalinist regiments at Estrecho Quinto. H got it from the POUM press, which *adduced this examp to underline the need for a disciplined army and a unifi command.* Bates also "neglects" to mention *that Estrec Quinto was taken by the POUM militias.* What is mor by October, 1936, at the latest, the CNT-FAI had con around to the POUM's demand for discipline and a un fied command.

The real issue—which Bates does not even mention was: who would lay down the discipline and constitute t command? The bourgeois-reformist bloc, in the militariz tion decree of October 10, 1936, laid down a road ba

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to the traditional form of bourgeois army; that decree even resuscitated "temporarily" the old military code for infractions of discipline, etc., in which the officers appointed by the bourgeois state control the ranks, not merely in the firing line but behind the lines, in the barracks, on leave, etc., etc. The CNT, FAI, POUM, on the other hand, demanded that the armies be unified and disciplined under the leadership of the working-class organizations. And the UGT, too, demanded it: In answer to the Stalinist manifesto of August 18, 1936, calling for a regular army without proletarian control, Claridad two days later said:

> To think of another type of army to be substituted for those who are actually fighting and who in certain ways control their own revolutionary action, is to think in counter-revolutionary terms. That is what Lenin said ("State and Revolution"): "Every revolution, after the destruction of the state apparatus, shows us how the governing class tries to reëstablish special bodies of armed men at its service, and how the oppressed class attempts to create a new organization of a type capable of serving not the exploiters but the exploited." We . . . must take care that the masses and the leadership of the armed forces, which should be above all the people in arms, should not escape from our hands.

But the UGT, CNT and POUM made the *fatal* mistake of not realizing that the *only* way to keep control of the army in the hands of the working class was by taking power, establishing a workers' state. A workers' army and a bourgeois state could not coexist, side by side, indefinitely. With the crushing of the workers of Catalonia in May, 1937, the balance was turned decisively in favor of the bourgeois state. The task of revolutionists in Spain now is to create elected soldiers' committees which, together with factory and peasants' committees, can carry on the struggle against fascism and, when they have organized the majority, take the power from the bourgeois-Stalinist bloc.

Bates calls "mystical" the doctrine that the professional bourgeois army is incapable of victory. Let him explain some hard, unmystical facts. Did not the Basque bourgeoisie betray—not in a manner of speaking, but openly, flagrantly, consciously—the whole Northern front? Did not the bourgeois General Asensio and Colonel Villalba betray Talavera, Toledo and Malaga? Was not the Catalan Chief of Police, Reberter, shot for treason?—the bourgeoisie tried to save him but the CNT forced his execution. Why was the Aragon front, after the CNT-POUM troops had made the only substantial advance into enemy territory of the whole civil war and had surrounded fortified Saragossa, gateway to the heart of the Fascist movement, Navarre—why was it systematically deprived of arms until after June 1937? Why are tens of thousands of Assault and Civil Guards—who are no less pretorian because rechristened National Republican Guards—armed with brand-new Russian rifles, machine guns, tanks, concentrated in the cities while the factory workers have been stripped of their arms, some of which they had since the monarchy, on the pretext that the revolvers were needed at the front? Why are thousands of POUM and CNT workers—and UGT members too—in the jails, the very men who crushed the Fascist rising in Catalonia on July 19, 1936? Why was Andres Nin murdered? And why the spiritual father of Italian anarchism, Camillo Berneri? And Alfredo Martinez, leader of the revolutionary youth front? And hundreds of others I could name, done to death by the Stalinists? Do you think that you can with impunity destroy the collectives, take away from the workers the socialized factories, hound their organizations, without eventually wrecking irreparably the morale of the army?

One more point, and this one for the editors of The New Republic: One of the asserted virtues of liberalism is to give both sides of the case, at the least to state the position of your opponent. This you have never done, on Spain, since the civil war began. On the contrary, you have systematically published material hostile to the CNT and POUM, without ever once permitting a defender to state their case, or even quoting sufficiently from one of their documents to permit your readers to understand their position. This is not merely partisanship; for an intelligent partisanship, sure of its ground, attacks an opponent by first indicating precisely what he stands for, in his own terms. No, you have not been merely partisan; you have adopted the intellectually dishonest methods of Stalinism in aiding and abetting it against the social revolution in Spain.

No one can deny you the right to defend the Stalinist position, and by Stalinist methods. But every honest person must deny you the right to work for Stalinism under the guise of being a liberal organ. Nail the skull and crossbones to your masthead, so that honest people shall know whom you really speak for. Or, even at this late hour, let your readers be given an opportunity to understand that the struggle within the Loyalist camp is the basic struggle between bourgeoisie and proletariat.

New York City. FELIX MORROW.

SIR: The first paragraph of Mr. Morrow's letter seems to be a complaint that I have not visited him. This, I think, can be characterized as impudence on his part rather than discourtesy on mine. The "circumscribed circles" in which I move here are limited to those great masses of decent people definitely aiding the Spanish government, not those petty groups aiming at injuring it. Perhaps this is why Mr. Morrow has not visited me. Or possibly he includes himself in that group of people whom I characterized as suffering from ingrowing political virginity. After reading his letter, I feel I should not have charged him with political virginity, nor with political fidelity, nor with plain promiscuity, but something else.

Mr. Morrow, then, without knowing me charges me with dishonesty. He says that I took the incident of Estrecho Quinto from the POUM press. (Does this prove that this is the only source of his knowledge about Spain?) Whereas in point of fact I obtained this information at Barbastro from officers of the Esquerra Republicana and military leaders of the FAI-CNT.

I use this indisputable fact, as Mr. Morrow rightly calls it, to prove that a regular and disciplined army was necessary. Mr. Morrow agrees with me.

What was proposed by POUM? It proposed that the army should be under the control of political delegates from the different parties and that these delegates should sit in the Senior Command. In other words, they proposed to repeat the political dissensions to be found in the front line in the highest organisms of the Spanish Popular Revolution.

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I suggest a rereading of what I have written in the opening section of my first article. I think this constitutes a convincing proof that the POUM proposal would have meant military disaster and was therefore counter-revolutionary.

I do not blame Mr. Morrow for not having joined the Spanish army but I will say that those of us who have served in that army know that it is popular, political and efficient and therefore a guarantor of the Spanish Popular Revolution.

Mr. Morrow appears to suggest that the Communist Party was responsible for the maintenance in office of the utterly incompetent General Asensio and Colonel Villalba, the former of whom the Communist Party described as the "Organizer of Defeats," whereas the Communist Party of Spain persistently demanded not only their dismissal but their punishment. See for instance the Communist Party's demand on the occasion of the incoming of the Negrin government. This demand has at last been complied with and today (October 21) Asensio and two others *have been arrested.* Mr. Morrow, after all, lives at several thousand miles from Valencia and cannot know all. But those who have experience of the militias know that the Toledo-Talavera retreat was not the result of "betrayal." Read what I have said about the inefficiency of the militias and that retreat needs no such explanation.

Again, Mr. Morrow discloses his ignorance of the military situation in Spain by stating that the CNT-POUM troops "had surrounded fortified Saragossa." That city unfortunately has never been surrounded.

Only one more of Mr. Morrow's points is relative to the subject matter of my articles. He states that the Aragon front was starved of arms by the Valencia government. This is plainly a lie on someone's part which Mr. Morrow, I suppose, has believed. Possibly he believes those funny little notes that were "secretly" sent to Mr. Trotsky by the Belgian Lutte group. The joke is on Mr. Morrow.

If arms and ammunition had not been sent to the Aragon front, it might have been that that front was not in a position to conduct serious warfare, whereas certainly at Madrid the army he despises was full of magnificent combativity. However, the May events in Barcelona proved where the arms sent to the Aragon front had gone. The enormous stocks of arms since found in the illegal possession of the POUM and uncontrolled anarchist groups themselves provide a comment on Morrow's mental state.

As to the ridiculous contention that it was the "bourgeois-Stalinists" who "disarmed the factory workers," I may point out that this policy was also advocated by the FAI-CNT organ, La Solidaridad Obrera, doubtless in the pay of Wall Street and Moscow! Dear me, something must be the matter with the Spanish Revolution, or with Mr. Morrow.

I refuse to fall a victim to Mr. Morrow's obvious debater's trick concerning personalities of the Spanish political scene. I was writing about the army. Some day, if by any chance any honest supporter of the Spanish government were troubled by these things, I would be prepared to debunk his uninteresting farrago.

New York City. RALPH BATES.

[An editorial discussing these two communications appears elsewhere in the issue.—THE EDITORS.]

CORRESPONDENCE

On Government Spending

SIR: Behind the recent wideopen breaks of the stock marke stands the fundamental change in President Roosevelt's atti tude which has been taking form ever since his "plague o' bot your houses" speech in the steel strike. President Roosevelt i unquestionably going back to Hoover's policies. He is curtailin relief and government work, warning against higher taxes, failin to continue projected construction projects.

He has, in short, taken up the policies advocated by his right wing critics. Paradoxically, the stock market tumbles as soon a the President gives up his "socialistic" policies, and this is simpl because such economic recovery as we have seen since 1933 ha been induced by the government's "invasion" of the field of privat enterprise. The government's retreat now illustrates once again tha private enterprise is unable to cope with a complex situation, an the stock market reflects this.

I agree with the editorial and John T. Flynn's article in Th New Republic of October 27 that stock prices have been too high but the severe declines in the week of October 18-23 are not t be viewed calmly. These sharp declines, coming after months o steady declines, are a clear danger signal. They mean the sam now that they meant in 1929, and unless we are to revert to th conditions of 1929-33 President Roosevelt will have to go bac to "spending" and will have to pay the bill by increasing taxe

The neurotic behavior of the stock market cannot be viewe with equanimity, for the stock market is a fundamental baromete in our society. As in October, 1929, business is good, dividend an interest payments are large—all of which means nothing. Th stock market is discounting the withdrawal of government funds the decline in government borrowing.

President Roosevelt has apparently believed that he has bee engaged in mere pump-priming, but the fact of the matter is tha the government cannot withdraw from the economic field. It ca only enlarge its sphere of economic activities, gradually workin toward the day when we will live in a semi-collectivized society The sharp fall in stock prices means only that private enterpris by itself cannot function today any better than in 1933.

New York City. FERDINAND LUNDBERG.

Roosevelt and Neutrality

SIR: As an old reader of The New Republic I cannot recal when the editors have taken a more confused and reactionar stand on public policy than at the present time, in regard t the Sino-Japanese war and American neutrality. The editoria "Forcible-Feeble Diplomacy" in the issue of October 20 proves, i seems to me, the presence of a "deceptive and dangerous fog" i The New Republic offices.

True, this fog exists elsewhere as well. For instance, in the office of the six pacifist organizations who are clamoring for neutralit and attack the President's course; in the minds of certain liberal and even socialists, who are resolved "firmly not to fight, what ever happens."

The contention is that when the government proclaims neutrality *we can sit back behind that screen, secure for our trade*—"abou one-quarter of the foreign market for the cotton of our Souther states" is provided by Japan—and the safety of our persons. Whe President Roosevelt properly warns the American people of a "stat of international anarchy and instability from which there is n escape through mere isolation or neutrality," and states the readi ness of this country to join with other powers "in the search fo peace," he is derided by The New Republic. Having said "a," wil The New Republic say "b"—together with Representatives Tink ham and Fish demand the impeachment of the President?

Fortunately the mass of the American people is wiser than Th New Republic and other "liberals." They are with the Presiden in his efforts to "search for peace." They are undeniably agains the fascist aggressors, and in sympathy with the struggling Chines and Spanish peoples. They are in favor of a boycott of Japan, a demonstrated by the A. F. of L. and the CIO. This attitude of th

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American people gives courage to the fighters in Spain and in China, strengthens their resistance to aggression.

To say "unless we are prepared to fight Japan, Italy and Germany" we should do nothing, is "dangerous nonsense." Or do worse than nothing—proclaim neutrality and sell Japan, Italy and Germany all "raw materials or any other articles and materials," as the Neutrality Act provides. And when Japan, Italy and Germany will have conquered China, Spain, possibly Austria and Czechoslovakia; and with appetite growing on eating will prepare to attack the Soviet Union—where shall this great union be, still on the fence? One must be blind to imagine that by giving aid and comfort to aggressors by "abstention," one will escape involvement in a future world war. America wants peace; but if and when she will be forced to fight, she will.

Hence this is the time to search for peace, to prevent by every means a possible war. Hence it is of the utmost importance to explore every possibility of stopping the undeclared war in China, the Italo-German war on Spain, and the contemplated fascist aggressions on other countries. And if the President of the United States, courageously and opportunely, proclaims that it is the will of the American people to join with other nations to "actively engage in the search for peace," he should be given every support and encouragement to do so.

Chappaqua, N. Y. A. A. HELLER.

The Infantry Retreats

SIR: May I comment on Mr. Bruce Bliven's remark in the October 6 issue of The New Republic to the effect that "in spite of a long chain of self-appointed experts . . . who have told us that infantry is now deader than the dodo," wars, as demonstrated by events in Spain, are still being fought by the doughboy?

In the first place, I doubt whether any student of military strategy—amateur or professional—has said that infantry is "deader than the dodo." So far as anyone can foresee, infantry will remain an essential factor in warfare. But there is a wide gulf between essential and *decisive*. (Cavalry was essential during the Civil War—witness the manner in which Lee, deprived of his cavalry, more or less blundered into the Battle of Gettysburg—but I can recall no major engagement in which it was *decisive*).

Infantry still plays an important role in battle today. But where it is not supported by planes and by expertly served anti-aircraft guns it is no longer dominant. For the civil war in Spain has shown us rather definitely that infantrymen, no matter how brave, how determined and how well led, can be blasted from their positions if the opposing army has complete command of the air (to no other cause can one attribute the loss of Bilbao and Santander). And when one army not only lacks protection against aircraft but also is without tanks and anti-tank guns, the issue is no longer in doubt.

I venture to take your space for this comment not because I believe that readers of The New Republic are interested in the precise manner in which mass murder is accomplished, but because I am convinced that we are considering here a factor of transcendent importance in determining our future social organization. For it is an unwelcome but undeniable fact that democracy has been able to maintain itself only in those periods when infantry was supreme.

New York City. JAMES HENLE.

Praise for Mumford

SIR: You have doubtless by now received considerable favorable comment for Mr. Lewis Mumford's review on the Writers' Project in the October 20 New Republic, but I wish to add a word of personal appreciation on behalf of the project here in Vermont.

Mr. Mumford's essay contain the first balanced and perceptive estimate of the national undertaking which has come to my attention, and constitutes critical writing of the finest caliber. Probably neither you nor Mr. Mumford can quite appreciate how deep a satisfaction such a critique gives to writers situated as we are. For two years I have tried constantly to emphasize in Vermont the philosophy of the national project, the scope and significance of the national undertaking. The Vermont press is, however, so completely partisan and so unanimously opposed to anything originating in Washington that the reception given to our guide-book has been largely a political one. Almost without exception the state newspapers have exhibited that defensive variety of petty fault-finding which, while it never rises to the level of literary criticism, can become irritating when continued week after week. Living, then, in the midst of this atmosphere of prejudice and brute indifference to literary values, we look upon The New Republic article as divinely inspired.

Montpelier, Vt. DANA DOTEN.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Miss Joyce Evans of Del Mar, California, takes issue with The New Republic's editorial position on American neutrality. She feels that the possibility of an economic boycott against Japan involving us in war is "an insufficient excuse for us to sit idle while Japan runs amuck." . . . William Raoul of Navesink, New Jersey, on the other hand, has quite the opposite point of view. "If Japan comes to dominate China," he writes, "there will probably be established a united nation of yellow men so strong that they can tell the whole world of white men from thence on to cease their exploitation of the yellow man. From that point of view wouldn't it be a pretty good thing if Japan did succeed in China?"

Samuel Duker of Washington, D. C., thinks that amid all the talk of international boycott there should be a move to apply sanctions against Nazi Germany for its "attack on the German people." . . . The Friends of the Soviet Union write to tell us of the public reception in Carnegie Hall that is being given for Ambassador Troyanovsky November 5 on the Twentieth Anniversary of the Soviet Republic. . . . Dr. L. A. Eldridge Jr. of Great Neck, New York, expresses his disappointment in the failure of the editorial, "The Spanish Pawn" (October 27), to distinguish between the attitudes of Great Britain and France toward Spain. "There is no better way to cool our present war fever," he writes, "than to publicize the character and designs of our possible ally, the present Tory government of England."

A. R. M. Lower of Winnipeg, Canada, sends us an imaginary dialogue between the Editor of The New Republic and the Voice from Canada. The Editor deplores the Japanese, Italian, German and British foreign policies until the Voice from Canada asks, "Yes, but what are you going to do about it?" To which the Editor replies, "Me? Why nothing, of course. Safety first." . . . Will R. Holmes of Brigham City, Utah, asks how President Roosevelt can comply with all his obligations in the Far East when they include the Neutrality Act, trade agreements with Japan and the Nine-Power Treaty.

What's on the Air?

Senator Elbert Thomas of Utah and George Soule debate the subject: "Should the President Apply the Neutrality Act?" Thursday, November 4, 6 P.M., CBS.

Prime Minister Halvdan Koht of Norway speaks from New York City on "Norway's View of the World Crisis," Friday, November 5, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

S. Parker Gilbert of J. P. Morgan and Company, Senator Harry F. Byrd and Henry Morgenthau speak on the subject, "Expenditures of the Federal Government," Wednesday, November 10, 8:45 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace presents a Transatlantic Armistice Day program with V. K. Wellington Koo, the Marquess of Lothian, Count Paul Teleki, Margherita Sarfatti, William E. Rappard and Nicholas Murray Butler as speakers, Thursday, November 11, 3 P.M., CBS.

Musical programs of the week include the Chicago Opera Company presenting the first act of "A Man Without a Country," with Walter Damrosch conducting, Saturday, November 6, 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network; John Barbirolli conducts the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, November 7, 3 to 5 P.M., CBS and the San Francisco Opera Company presents the second and third acts of "Manon," Wednesday, November 10, 11:30 to 12:45 A.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Lillian Lugubriously Sighed

I GOT a new slant on the writings of James Farrell recently, from some chaps who were no nearer the intellectual world than their own hard wisdom, and perhaps the wiser for that. They read about Studs because they had grown up in the same Chicago. "You read that Studs book?" they said. "Well all that stuff it's got in that book, I'm telling you that's *really* the truth, man." Part of their enthusiasm could be set down to Farrell's constant anchoring allusion to all the familiar streets, corners, El stations, hot spots and ends of town; but they got more than that, it was more real to them than that. I should have said up to then that while the words and scenes might be thrilling to startled professors and rather dangerously advanced librarians, some actual veteran of the three-way houses, GU wards, alleyways, etc., would sense the difference between the tragedy of the real thing and the lurid hearsay that a youth with his notebook and mouth open might pick up from the boys on the corner. They put me right on that, making it possible to disregard the slovenly technique and appreciate the substance; and if they, having come up from the Studs Lonigan country and background without being slobs, can overlook the fact that Farrell stacks his cards so as never to write about anything else, then I guess I can.

James Farrell is a writer who hit the right stride at the right time, who followed up the promise of his first book with plenty more to say, whose troubles with the censor and long letters to the Left made happy if unconscious increases to publicity, and whose name is now one of the indelible words of this time. But whereas he is a kindly and generous person in normal life, when he becomes Farrell-the-writer he is equipped with the most complete stock of hatreds I have ever seen—everyone from the characters in his book to his fellow novelists and reviewers; add to this a certain unhumorous pompousness in throwing his intellectual weight around, and you can see how there must be quite an underground anti-Farrell school by now. And this round-up of all his short stories[1] might very well serve as its textbook, for he is not a story teller and the short form highlights the faults without having much scope for the virtues.

Outside of a few pieces about intellectuals (satire like elephants out for a good romp), the stories are about punks and low Irish and floozies and have a general pattern if not a plot: (1) an initial scene of squalor and pus; (2) some violent deeds and words interspersed with Writing; (3) the "planting" of cause and result in the social system so that you can't miss it; (4) a sudden frenzy of blood and bowels followed by an anticlimax of perfunctory exposition or an ironic last word. The lines are overstuffed with all the clichés of the very worst in slang, songs, popular wit and God's forgotten jokes (even the elephant-and-the-Polish-question wheeze blown up to a page); but it isn't so much that as the air of look-what-I-can-do with Texture and Documentation. Of course people talk like that. But they also talk like something else, too: where do you think the good slang and gags and songs come from, the University of Chicago for God's sake? Anyway, you can't read a whole book like this without feeling the libel on his characters: not they and not any group of people have any such undeviating talent for the mediocre. That takes something like genius. In the same way people in general aren't slobs. Studs wasn't a slob, and Farrell I am sure knew it; but Farrell made him the romantic hero (in reverse, maybe) of a whole trilogy and then squared it with his literary conscience by saying: Yah, what da hell, he was a slob. Farrell has plenty to say, but his devices are slipshod; in these and in his revulsion from the pretty-pretty he gets just about as bad in the opposite direction as any writer of shockers for the pulps.

There are too few pieces in this book like "Comedy Cop," which is at once sly and hearty and true. And the germinating seed of all his novels but one (the story "Studs") seems all the more frank and moving by comparison with so much collected rubbish. "Helen, I Love You" is in it of course, and I like that better now too; then right in a row three narratives in his best vein: "Looking 'em Over," "The Buddies" and "A Front-Page Story"—each a backwater of life remembered and recreated. In fact, if you shut your eyes and think over just the ones that seem to go all right, credit isn't so hard to give.

But why try hard? Farrell at his best never did a story to touch Faulkner or Milburn or Caldwell or Hemingway or Boyle or Rawlings—and on down the list. And at his worst he is so dull and prosey-posey that you have to put the whole book down and try later. I doubt there is a writer in the country who has such a high average of tone deafness ("Bridget acidulously said"); such a mixture of Victorian gentility and strong words to bolster a weak situation. People wax warm and sneer snottily, and just look down a page of dialogue:

> "Poor Dolly," Lillian gurgled. . . . "My poor-r fren Dolly," Lillian sobbed. . . . "Poor Dolly!" Lillian gushed. . . . [And look down the next] "We're all ladies!" Marie exclaimed. "We're all ladies!" Marie monotoned. . . .

And on through "Marie asked," "Dolly drooled," "Lillian said," "she said lachrymosely," to the prize of them all: "'Oh!' Lillian lugubriously sighed." And if it's action you're after, here is a typical thick-and-fast climax:

> With equal methodicalness, he knocked Baby Face down with a calculated, timed punch in the jaw. An insane ecstatic gleam lit in Baby Face's eye. [skip one line] Looking up insanely he screamed: "Hit me! Hit me again!" [skip three] "Kill me! Kill me for it!" Baby Face shouted, emitting saliva which struck Sammy's cheek. [skip two sentences holding the coined phrases "All awareness of the situation was gone" and "He saw, like an object in a dream."] In an unwitting trice, and fighting with this fear, he flashed a razor, and with one stroke, slit Baby Face's throat. Blood spurted onto Sammy's clothes, as if from a pump. Baby Face's head, half severed, unsupportedly dropped forward. . . .

The story is about a fag and a Negro dupe and the Wassermann test and so is rich with revelation about the race question. It is all very interesting, but if its Gripping Realism is going to be high on the writing roster, I would just as soon we agreed not to have any literary tradition in America at all, for the present. OTIS FERGUSON.

[1] The Short Stories of James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. $3.

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Pictures Tell the Story

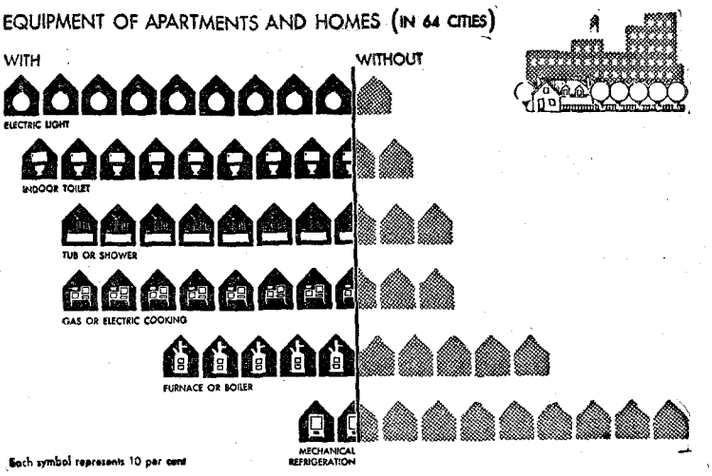
The United States: A Graphic History. Text by Louis M. Hacker; pictorial statistics by Rudolf Modley and George R. Taylor. New York: Modern Age Books. 253 pages. 75 cents.

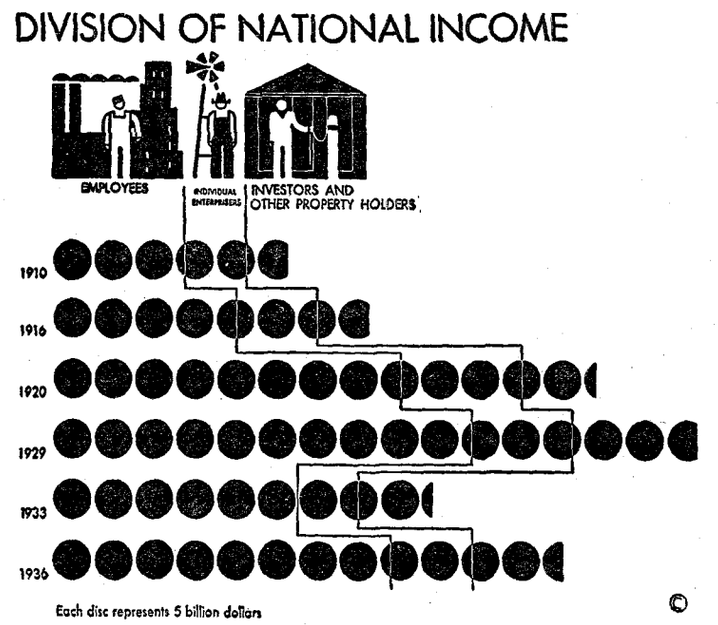
THIS "graphic history" of the United States is the beginning of an American publishing venture as interesting as the Left Book Club in England. Mr. Louis Hacker is editing a whole series of informative books in the general field of the social sciences—in economics, law, history, education, psychology and philosophy—popular summaries to be written by men who know their subjects and to be illustrated, wherever possible, by photographs and colored charts. This "Modern World Series" will be published in paper covers by Modern Age Books, and will be sold in most cases at 35 cents a volume. The aim of the series, as Mr. Hacker explains in his introduction, is to reach the vast audience that is being created in this country by the diffusion of education and the growth of labor unions.

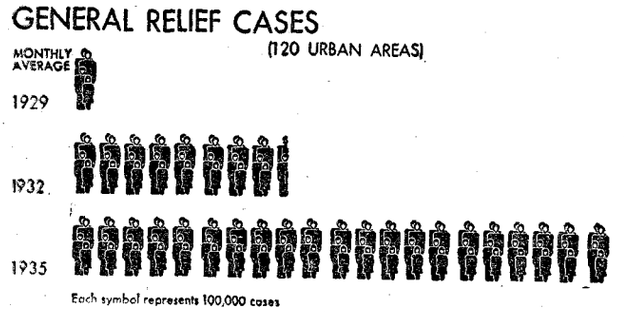
This first book, though it costs a little more than those to follow, is an extraordinary bargain. It is beautifully designed by Robert Josephy; it is illustrated with two-color pictorial charts, prepared by Rudolf Modley on the basis of statistics furnished by George R. Taylor. These charts—three of which are reproduced on this page—tell the story of American economic life from the first settlements to the panic of 1929 and its aftermath. Mr. Hacker's text is divided into seventy-six short chapters, each of which explains and amplifies one of the drawings.

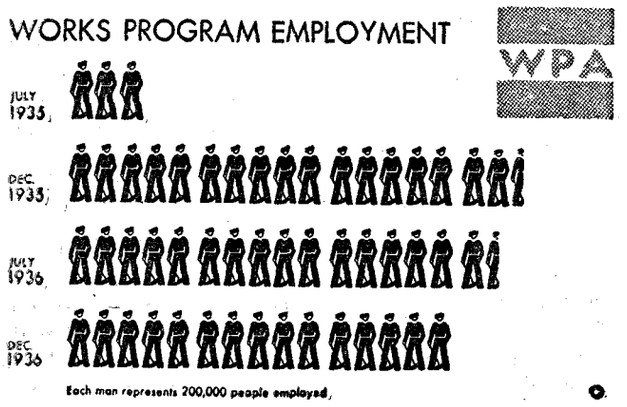
Mr. Hacker is a brilliant and scholarly historian. Sometimes, in the present volume, he forgets the audience for which he is writing and thinks that he is addressing scholars like himself. He presents his facts and theories too briefly. He depends too much on abstractions and averages, instead of giving individual cases appealing to readers as individuals. And he uses technical phrases that are above the heads of many readers, even among college graduates—"rentiers," "portfolio investments," "entrepreneurial withdrawals," "ideology." I call these faults to his attention because, if the series is to have the success that I hope for it, they ought to be corrected in later volumes.

MALCOLM COWLEY.









Illustrations.—The chart at the top of this column is a partial index of housing conditions in sixty-four of the largest American cities. Of all the homes there, about 15 percent still had outside privies; about 25 percent had no tub or shower; only 50 percent had central heating. Today no serious efforts are being made to house the poor.

The middle chart shows the national income and how it is divided among three classes of the population. During the depression, the total of paid-out income declined from 78,632 millions of dollars in 1929 to 44,940 in 1933. The share of this diminished income that went to employees declined from 64.3 percent to 61.9 percent. Investors fared much better.

The double chart at the left shows the growth of direct relief and work relief. At the end of 1935, there were 2,789,000 family units receiving direct relief and 3,254,000 family units receiving work relief. About 24,000,000 people were dependent on public help to keep from starving.

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The Great Trek

The Turning Wheels, by Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

NOW THAT the verb "to trek" is heading for the cemetery of all good verbs—polite society—as something synonymous with a drive to sunny Miami or a journey to the delicatessen, it is good to see its true face once more before it gasps and passes out. "The Turning Wheels" has as its theme the most famous of all treks, the "Great Trek" of the Boers from Cape Colony to the Transvaal in 1836, a novel-theme that has probably never been presented to the American public before.

Unlike the drive to the West in the United States, this trek was made by almost a whole, if tiny, nation; a nation that had been established at the Cape for two hundred years before growing English penetration forced it to migrate. Split up into convoys, the Boers struggled north into unknown country, taking with them their wives, families, servants and thousands of cattle; dismantling their wagons and man-handling them over mountains and ravines, floating them across unfordable rivers, wheeling them into great circular laagers at night, wheel locked to wheel with iron trek-chains, for defense against Zulus and Kaffirs; fighting over every step of their thousand-mile route, losing hundreds of lives by spear and pestilence and salving their bitterness at being put to flight by a superior power with their deep belief that God was leading them to the Promised Land.

It is in his use of the trekking mass as a central chain that Stuart Cloete shows his remarkable skill. He concentrates upon only two convoys (one hundred wagons, five hundred persons and thirty thousand cattle) and through them succeeds in giving a superb picture of the whole migration. Varying his speed and tone according to the story's needs he describes every significant aspect of life on trek, introducing his characters and sowing the seeds of his climax, until the whole moving body of men and animals is established ineradicably in the reader's mind. Then he strikes off at a tangent—sending isolated characters far from the parent body into still newer lands where fresh personages and customs are made to add their strength to the current of the book—writing with amazing confidence in his ability to throw a wide net without sacrificing his main theme. Only in the last chapters does the process of consolidation begin; when the convoys have reached "Canaan" after nearly two years, have split up into farming groups and settled into stone houses—only to find that the too fecund land produces more parasites than riches. Follows the gradual decline of the community; without the struggle of the Great Trek the people have no unity; their cattle are diseased and their lands full of weeds and a growing spiritual dullness hurries their downfall. And then, at last, the delayed awakening to the growing confidence of the Zulus, the reassembling of the convoy and the rush to form a laager again, and the last isolated characters galloping into the central picture once more in time to be exterminated with the rest.

This is no more than the plan of Cloete's story, a plan which also covers a violent love-and-death theme against a background of hatred and Puritanical fervor. It is told in the heroic vein demanded by the pioneer tale; there is hardly a chapter that does not penetrate into some hidden corner of South African life, while the living material is too generally good to allow one to praise it selectively. And over and above all this the book points many historical morals, showing an early record of colonization and warning of what an invader's fate must ultimately be. It is this breadth of scope—the author's ability to relate the small to the great—that makes this one of the very few first-class novels of South Africa. RICHARD VAUGHAN.

Background of War

When China Unites, by Harry Gannes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 306 pages. $2.50.

WHAT IS the background of the undeclared war between China and Japan? What are the developments that have led to the unity of China and resulted in the present policy of resistance? What are the prospects of the present war? These are some of the questions the world is asking today. Correctly anticipating the development of events, Harry Gannes has attempted to answer these questions in his new book "When China Unites." He could not have chosen a more timely and more important subject.

Mr. Gannes attempts to trace the history of China since the Opium War of 1842. He discusses, topic by topic, the anti-Manchu Republican Revolution of 1911, China's participation in the last World War on the side of the Allies and her disappointment at Versailles, the student and literary revolution of 1919, the anti-imperialist and anti-feudal revolution of 1925-27, the growth of the Soviet districts and the anti-Communist campaigns, Japan's invasion of Manchuria and her subsequent penetration to the south, the detention of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at Sian, and the prospects of Sino-Japanese relations. The topics are well chosen. With the exception of the problem of Nanking's program of economic reconstruction and its relation to the present situation, the author has covered every major topic pertinent to the question of national unity and national liberation. Although structurally the organization of the material needs much improvement, and although certain topics such as the period of the growth of the Soviets and the Red Army are inadequately treated, there is a general red thread running through the whole book that gives it ideological unity and interpretative insight.

The book is intended as a popular, not a scholarly history, and it had to be rushed through the press. Even so, it is surprising that the author and the publisher permitted so many factual errors to creep into it. Li Yuan-hung, the president of China succeeding Yuan Shih-kai, was a weak and vacillating member of the Kuomintang but he was never "the head of the Chinputang," the opposition party to the Kuomintang. In 1926 Chiang Kai-shek was appointed commander-in-chief of Kuomin Kominchün (People's Revolutionary Army) not Kuominchun (People's Army), which was then commanded by General Feng Yu-hsiang. Mao Tse-tung, Chinese Communist leader, was a leader in the student movement in 1919, a member of the Central Committee of the Kuomintang in 1927, specializing in agrarian problems, etc., but he was never "a regimental commander in the Hunan Army." Hu Kuo-chun is described as meaning "a militarist" while it really meant Army for National Defense. These are merely a few samples of the glaring factual errors. There are also important omissions, such as the problem of Sino-Japanese economic coöperation, the conditions of the Shanghai truce in 1932, the Ho-Umetsu understanding and the Chin-Doihara agreement of 1935, all of which are vital to the understanding of the present situation. There are also a host of typographical errors, the inexcusably careless character of which is shown by the fact that in at least four places, Kwangtung

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is printed as Kwantung, which is in the extreme north instead of the extreme south of China. Fortunately these errors do not destroy the value of the book as a popular discussion of a current topic of first-rate importance.

CH'AO-TING CHI.

Why Did They Kill Garcia Lorca?

Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter and Other Poems, by Federico García Lorca, in the original Spanish, and with English translation by A. L. Lloyd. New York: The Oxford University Press. 75 pages. $2.50.

THE CHIEF boast of the Insurgents is that they represent the true tradition of Spain. Traditionalism in politics, economics, language, has been the basic evil of a Spain given to worshiping something no longer health-giving. Granting the worthwhileness of traditions as giving character to a people, as some exponents of Spanish fascism maintain, people everywhere have asked, why was García Lorca treacherously murdered by the defenders of traditionalism? A minute scrutiny of his works reveals nothing that might be interpreted as radical or communistic. Lorca never entered politics. He refused to sign the protest drawn up by the intellectuals against the murderous Asturian reprisals abetted and promoted by Lerroux and Gil Robles.

His most popular book of verse, "Romancero Gitano," is made up of ballads far removed from actuality: a ballad on the love of Thamar and Amnon, another on the martyrdom of Saint Eulalia, and a few ballads on gypsies. Five of these *romances* or ballads are now available in the rather successful versions of Mr. Lloyd. They are stylized transfigurations of reality, achieved by the new technique of making people behave with the hieratic gestures of figures on playing cards. Even when he surpassed this poetic cubism, García Lorca, the popular dramatist of "Bloody Wedding" ("Bitter Oleander" in the New York production) and "Yerma," wrote only rural tragedies around Spanish passion.

The gilded youth of Granada were not merely stupid and cruel when they shot García Lorca in cold blood. They were stirred by sinister designs against the poet who incarnated the folk tradition of Spain. He, like no other, knew the people's songs. He, like no one else of the present generation, stored in his capacious memory the best tunes and lyrics of his people. It was he who made classic phonographic records of the inimitable songs of Castile and Andalusia. New York, San Juan, Habana, Santiago de Cuba, Buenos Aires and Montevideo heard him play and sing the ballads. Instead of proclaiming a new day as his friend Alberti did, Lorca conscientiously avoided controversial subjects. He hugged the illusion that he was above class lines. Assassination at Granada, in August of last year, was the ironic compensation he got.

If traditionalism was what the exploiters of Spain desired, then García Lorca should have been their poet. What more Spanish subject could be asked of a poet than the superb "Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías," the bullfighter-dramatist? Blood and death, courage and exaltation, values close to the Spanish heart, receive from García Lorca enduring qualities. But instinct whispered another lesson to his murderers: Lorca could not be their man. Everybody at home and abroad liked Lorca. His exuberance captivated people. The Spanish Fascists killed Lorca because he repre-

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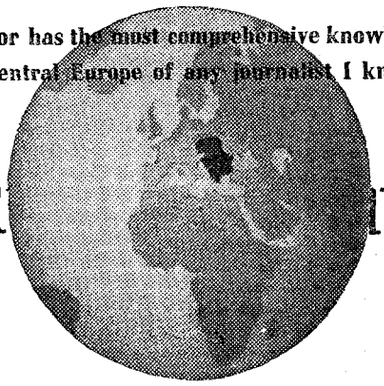

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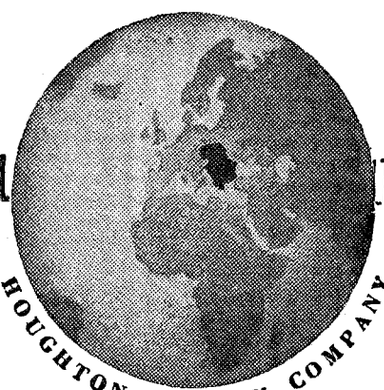

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sented bubbling energy. Manuel de Falla was his master and friend. Fernando de los Rios nurtured his spirit, guiding his intellectual development. His sister married a man who was to become a mayor of his Granada. García Lorca was killed because his relatives and friends were close to the Republic.

Lorca was inseparably attached to the unspoiled resourcefulness of the Spanish people. More than once he said that Granada of the many strains induced him to sympathize with the downtrodden: Gypsy, Negro, Jew, Morisco. With university students as actors, García Lorca, encouraged by the Republic, brought the traditional classic Spanish plays to the disinherited of his country. Bagaría, Spain's most original caricaturist, wrote in April, 1936, a dialogue between himself and García Lorca. Among many penetrating things that he made the young poet say was this:

> I want to be good. I know that poetry elevates, and being good with the donkey and the philosopher, I firmly believe that if there is a beyond I shall have the delightful surprise of finding myself in it. But the sorrows of man and the ever-present injustice that flows from the world, and my own body and my own thoughts prevent me from transferring my house to the stars.

These sentiments of Federico García Lorca caused his death—not his poetry, not his connections with relatives and friends considered republican by the "cave-dwellers," as the dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries are called in Spain. It was because he was with the people and worked for them that the Fascists assassinated the greatest poetical genius of youthful Spain.

M. J. BENARDETE.

News, Nudes and Newts

U. S. Camera 1937, edited by T. J. Maloney. New York: William Morrow and Company. 208 pages. $2.90.

NEWS PICTURES steal the show in the current edition of the ablest of American photographic annuals, "U. S. Camera 1937." Shackled Negro convicts carrying sandbags for a Mississippi levee, Mr. Morgan surprised and startled at his congressional hearing, Ford's "loyal employees" closing in on CIO organizers, Senator Reynolds' supremely bumptious kissing of the late Jean Harlow—these shots carry vitality as well as a surprising degree of pictorial excellence.

This combination of telling the story, fixing the image, doing the basic photographic job, while at the same time achieving an acceptable pictorial effect, seems to be America's characteristic contribution to the present world craze for photography. Highly valuable, I would call it, in helping the camera to slough off the posturings of Art and become an art in its own right.

There are subjects off the news, of course. Soft buttocks in soft focus, architecture, machinery, surfaces, still life, city streets, fashion models, trees, nudes, portraits, pets—the collection is always lively and there is a minimum of laboratory faking and demonstration of sheer technique. The many color pages show a fine register of hues but rather stultified subject matter.

Scientific contributions from the University of Rochester—such unlikely items as rabbit and human embryos made into actually pleasing pictures—are particularly noteworthy. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, album style, and there is an introductory section by Beaumont Newhall reviewing photography's first hundred years.

T. R. CARSKADON.

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France from the Right

The Framework of France, by H. G. Daniels. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 267 pages. $4.

SINCE the advent of the People's Front government in France, the Rightist press of that country is engaged in a perpetual campaign of opposition which, in its causes and spirit, is not very different from the anti-Roosevelt outpourings of their American kinsmen. The ideas of this press, including the dull, worried, sententious style in which they generally find their expression, are faithfully echoed in Mr. Daniels' description of France. Thus, the Sixth-of-February rioters were merely "Parisians defending French liberties," and the subsequent swing of the progressive middle-class parties toward the anti-fascist front was due to an unhappy choice: "Democracy in France was not really threatened by the Leagues." In any Leftist alliance the Socialists "dictate" the policies, and the Communists are on the payroll of Moscow. The People's Front has enacted reforms for which the country "had given them no mandate"; besides, "in the present state of Europe, stability and confidence cannot be reconciled with bold measures of social reforms." If Hitler and Mussolini behave badly, the fault is in the Franco-Soviet alliance and (Mr. Daniels being English) of course "only Great Britain is earnestly concerned to bring about the mutual reconciliation that would spell salvation to all." Preceding the "political" part of the book, a series of "social" and "economic" chapters serve the usual commonplaces about the French who are thrifty, generous, logical, passionate, and love their country and peace, and civilize their colonies, and are afflicted with a birth-rate problem, and a security problem.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Books in Brief

Reciprocity: A National Policy for Foreign Trade, by William S. Culbertson. New York: Whittlesey House. 307 pages. $3.

HERE, THE former vice-chairman of the United States Tariff Commission strikes a blow in favor of unconditional most-favored-nation commercial treaties. The blow turns out to be a glancing one, in that its principal force is directed at the views of Mr. George Peek, Mr. Samuel Crowther and associates, who are collectively labeled by Mr. Culbertson, "the Peekinese economists." Since this book is offered as a "popular discussion" of American trade policy, and since the views of Mr. Peek and his associates are more important as political propaganda than as economic analysis, the bitterness of Mr. Culbertson's attack may be justified on grounds of expediency. But inasmuch as the arguments of his opponents are not the soundest ones that can be made in favor of bilateral trade agreements, Mr. Culbertson's refutation of them does not itself establish a case for the unconditional most-favored-nation policy. As regards the primary question of tariffs, Mr. Culbertson favors "a protective tariff which equalizes competitive conditions for the American producer in the American market"—but he fails to make clear what they should be equalized with. In order to demonstrate the "non-partisan" character of Mr. Hull's reciprocal-trade-agreements program, Mr. Culbertson points out that the policy originated with the Republican Party. In support of this claim, he presents official correspondence and other previously unpub-

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(Late of the Department of Economics, Harvard University)

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lished documents relating to the Tariff Act of 1922. The appendix in which this material is presented is probably the most interesting part of the book. H. T.

They Broke the Prairie, by Ernest Elmo Calkins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 462 pages. $2.50.

The subtitle of this book, "Being some account of the settlement of the upper Mississippi Valley by religious and educational pioneers, told in terms of one city, Galesburg, and of one college, Knox," explains its purpose, which Dr. Calkins successfully fulfills. This middletown was a "paper city" planned in advance as a religious college with the town growing around it. The committee that came out from the Mohawk Valley selected a strip of virgin prairie lying between the Illinois River and the Mississippi—in the manner of the time the Reverend George Washington Gale called it "the Mesopotamia of the West." No log cabins were permitted in the town; during its construction a temporary "Log City" was built nearby, and afterwards unsentimentally destroyed. The town eventually outgrew Knox (on whose campus the exciting fifth Lincoln-Douglas debate was held), though the original "Old Siwash" remains one of the best known small colleges in the country, and has just been celebrating its centenary. Dr. Calkins, himself a Knox graduate, has retired to his native Galesburg after a distinguished New York business career; he ends his book with a tribute to the mellow virtue of neighborliness and assures us that American life as seen in Galesburg isn't so bad as James T. Farrell, Sinclair Lewis and James M. Cain seem to think it is elsewhere. The historical sections of the book are a very readable contribution to Americana. H. T. M.

Contributors

J. Raymond Walsh, until last spring a member of the Department of Economics at Harvard University, has recently taken a position with the federal government. The material in this issue will appear in his book, "CIO: Industrial Unionism in Action," to be published by W. W. Norton on November 5.

Luther Huston has spent a lifetime in newspaper work both in this country and abroad. He is at present in the Washington Bureau of The New York Times.

Marie de L. Welch is a California poet whose verse has been widely printed in magazines both in this country and abroad. She has published two books, "Of a Feather" and "Poems."

Felix Morrow has just completed a book on the Spanish civil war, which Pioneer Publishers will publish this month. He is managing editor of The Socialist Appeal.

Ralph Bates is an English novelist who holds the rank of brigade commissar in the Spanish republican army. He is now in this country on a lecture tour.

Richard Vaughan, author of "Chalk and Cheese" and translator of Dr. Alfred Adler's "A Challenge to Mankind," lived for many years in South Africa.

Ch'ao-ting Chi, lecturer on Far Eastern economics and politics at the New School for Social Research, contributes a regular monthly feature to Amerasia.

M. J. Benardete, who is a member of the Romance Language Department of Brooklyn College, was the editor with Rolfe Humphries of "And Spain Sings."

T. R. Carskadon, a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic, has long been an amateur camera enthusiast.

Norbert Guterman, who writes for magazines in the United States and in France, is the author, with Henri Lefebvre, of "La Conscience Mystifiée."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Horace Taylor and Harry Thornton Moore.

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